

New York Saturday Evening Post

A HOME WEEKLY FOR WINTER NIGHTS AND SUMMER DAYS.

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Vol. VI.

E. F. Beadle,
William Adams, PUBLISHERS.
David Adams.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

TERMS IN ADVANCE.

One copy, four months, \$1.00
One copy, one year ... 2.00
Two copies, one year ... 4.00

No. 288.



With his terrible war-cries, and a revolver in each hand, he charged directly upon the astonished savages.

DEADLY-EYE, THE UNKNOWN SCOUT, OR, The Branded Brotherhood.

BY BUFFALO BILL,

(Hon. Wm. F. Cody), the Celebrated Scout, Guide, and Hunter-Author.

CHAPTER IV.

RUNNING THE GANTLET.

"Every man to his post."

It was the clear and commanding voice of the Unknown Scout that gave the order, and the effect upon the pioneers was electrical, while they felt that in them they had a leader who fully understood the cunning of the Indians, and whose bravery was upon every tongue on the frontier.

True, strange stories were told of the remarkable man, and the Indians, and a few bordermen, held the superstitious idea that he was leagued with the Evil One, for, around his whole life hung a mystery, the curtain of which none could raise.

Frequently he had aided frontiersmen and also wagon-trains moving through the Indian country, and also had given warning to settlements of the coming of the red-skin and the Branded Brotherhood; but that he was looked upon by the military with some suspicion—was known to be on intimate terms with many Indian warriors, and had often been seen in close vicinity to the stronghold of Ricardo and his cruel band, were acknowledged facts.

Still, the emigrants were glad that Deadly-Eye was with them, and his having just rescued from captivity two of their train, caused them to look most kindly upon him.

"Scout, you are well accustomed to scenes like this one about to be forced upon us, and I would have you take command!" cried Major Conrad, advancing quickly to the side of the Unknown Scout, who glanced out upon the prairie toward the coming Indians, as he replied:

"Fortunately the train is in corral, sir, and the men are ready for a fight. I would advise that the women and children be placed under cover of the river-bank yonder, and the ravine will also protect the horses and cattle, while with the wagons for a breastwork, the men can hold out splendidly."

This advice was acted upon, and in a few moments the camp was ready for action.

Stationing himself upon the outer edge of the line of wagons, Deadly-Eye was seen to suddenly raise his repeating rifle; a quick aim,

a shot, and a painted warrior fell from his horse, and the yell of exultation from the emigrants was answered by a series of wild war-whoops from the infuriated Indians.

"Now, Major Conrad, you see that I knew yonder renegade guide well, for he is doubtless the leader of the approaching band of red-skins, and was guiding you into a trap," said the Unknown Scout.

"We have much to thank you for, sir; but the Indians have halted."

"Yes, they are too wary to charge these lines in the daytime, and—"

"And what, sir?" asked Major Conrad, as the Scout paused thoughtfully.

"And by nightfall I can bring relief, for not many miles from here is a band of Pawnees hunting buffalo."

"But, sir, you can never escape from here, for see, the Indians are beginning to surround us, and two separate parties are swimming the river."

The Unknown Scout took in the scene at once, and then said quietly:

"You must hold the red devils at bay. Mind, act only on the defensive, and I will run the gantlet of their fire, and bring what relief I can."

A shrill whistle followed, and the steed of Deadly-Eye trotted up to his master, and stood ready for his command.

Remonstrance with the Scout was useless, for after another warning to all, he sprang into his saddle and rode down to the river.

A word of encouragement to Prairie Gull, and the noble animal bounded into the clear waters, and was soon swimming bravely toward the other shore, followed by the eyes of all the emigrants, who were waiting God speed to the daring man periling his life to aid them.

Ere half the river was crossed the Indians discovered the Scout, and with discordant yells the two parties, one up and the other down the stream, rushed to cut him off ere he could escape.

The Scout observed their intention but kept bravely on, urging his horse however to swim still faster.

Leading one of these parties who were rushing toward the point where the Scout was to land, was the traitor guide, Red Dick, who now seemed to feel assured that his revenge would be satisfied, for he urged his large roan forward at a tremendous pace, quickly shooting ahead of the inferior horses ridden by the red-skins.

The Scout reached the other shore, and dismounting, the horse shook himself like a huge Newfoundland dog.

Then the girths were tightened, and the holster pistols returned to their places; after which the Scout mounted as coolly as though almost certain death did not stare him in the face.

The deadly rifle was raised, and with quick aim fired in the direction of the band furthest off. A red brave threw up his arms and fell from his steed, to be trampled upon by those behind.

The deadly rifle rang out, and the large roan ridden by Red Dick was seen to stagger, stumble, and then go heavily down, hurling his giant rider with terrible force upon the ground.

From the lips of Deadly-Eye then broke forth his wild and blood-stirring war-whoop of defiance, and away bounded Prairie Gull, keeping an equal distance between the two lines rushing furiously upon him and hardly more than two hundred yards distant.

"On, on my good steed, for you have a brave duty to perform, and the bright eyes of beauty are upon you," cried Deadly-Eye as he turned in his saddle and glanced back toward the camp. Seeing this action the pioneers gave him three hearty cheers, which the Indians answered with their discordant yells.

"But, what is the daring rider going to do? Has his courage failed him? Is he mad?"

Such were the hurried questions that burst from the astonished emigrants' lips, as they saw Deadly-Eye suddenly come to a halt, and coolly gaze first upon one side and then upon the other.

In surprise, also, the Indians saw him halt, and their superstitious minds were impressed with the idea that he was laughing at their efforts to take him, and intended to escape by

some supernatural means unknown to them; for, often before had they known him to elude them when in their very grasp.

With their leader dismounted, and apparently hurt, for Red Dick was seated beside his dead horse, the Indians hardly knew what to do, and as they drew nearer and nearer to the mysterious Scout, they gradually checked the speed of their horses, until the smaller party, consisting of a dozen braves, came to a halt, and with wondering eyes and wild gestures, seemed to be holding a council of war.

This was what Deadly-Eye had doubtless expected, for, as soon as the squadron halted, he wheeled Prairie Gull directly toward them, and with the air ringing and echoing with his terrible war-cries, and a revolver in each hand, charged directly upon the astonished savages, and added to their consternation by opening a brisk and telling fire upon them, which proving fatal in several instances with horses and riders, the frightened braves turned and fled, and with the speed of an arrow the Unknown Scout rushed on toward the open prairie, having safely run the terrible gantlet.

Then, as the emigrants looked with eager eyes, they beheld the cause of the sudden movement of Deadly-Eye, for directly in his former path arose the forms of a dozen painted warriors, doubtless of the same band, and who were hiding in a shallow gulch, and would have sprung up in the pathway of the Scout, had not his quick eye detected the plumed head of some brave too eager to catch his prey to keep wholly concealed.

Long watched the emigrants the flying

Prairie Gull, and they saw with pleasure that

the Indians quickly gave up the chase, for the famous steed of the Scout left them rapidly behind, and in an hour appeared as a mere speck upon the prairie.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUNTER'S CABIN HOME.

FAR from the home of his kindred, far from

the home of any of his race, and in the wilds

where the red-man roamed without restraint,

was the cabin home of Alfred Carter.

Three years before the opening scenes of this story, Alfred Carter had squatted upon the banks of the Republican river, and with the aid of only his brave wife and pretty daughter, Rose, and his young son, Edgar, he had built a stout and comfortable cabin, half house.

The prairies around him furnished food for his small family, and his cattle roamed near at hand until the shades of evening caused them to be housed for safety.

A quiet, sad-looking man, ever generous and peaceable, Alfred Carter had no enemies, and even the Sioux were friendly to him, although at war with the whites, for the settlers had often fed them from his table, and when their great chief was severely wounded and would have died for want of care, Alfred Carter had nursed him back to life, and forever won his friendship.

Seated in the cabin door, upon the day that the Unknown Scout ran the gantlet of the band of Sioux warriors, was a maiden of eighteen, with large velvety eyes, a dark complexion, and long waving black hair.

The maiden was Rose Carter. She was engaged in knitting a pair of cotton socks for her father, for she was a true frontier girl, ever industrious and brave.

Presently a shadow fell upon her, and glancing up, Rose beheld beside her an Indian maiden of sixteen, a beautiful child of the forest, with a graceful, slender form, clothed in a handsome suit of bead-wrought buck-skin, and with a crown of richly-colored feathers upon her head.

"Who are you, girl, and what can I do for you?" said Rose, softly, struck with the great beauty and grace of the Indian maiden.

"I am the Red Bud of the Forest, the child of the mighty Pawnee chief, and I have come from my village beyond the prairie to tell the pale-face maiden to beware of the false tongue of the pale-face brave with eyes like the skies, for he would lead her from her happy home."

"Of whom do you speak, Red Bud of the Forest?" said the mystified Rose.

"Of the white brave whom the Forest Rose

loves as she does the sunshine, the trees, the birds, the rivers. He has a false tongue, so let the White Rose beware. Red Bud of the Forest has spoken," and without another word the Indian girl turned and glided away, turning no ear to the call of Rose Carter, who plead for her to return.

Long sat the lovely girl, pondering over what she had heard, and wondering if she could refer to one whom she loved most dearly, and who was then absent, and had been for months, gone to the Eastern settlements for while ere he returned to make her wife.

Then over her face stole a look of distrust of him who had won her young heart, for the words of the Forest Red Bud had left a deep impression.

Presently her mother returned from milking the cows, and Alfred Carter from day's hunt, loaded down with game, while her brother, two years the junior of Rose, came up from the river with a long string of fish.

Then night-shades fell upon the earth, and around the well-spread board gathered the settler's family—the cheerful fire, comfortable room, and pleasant faces presenting a happy and homelike scene, and yet the same feeling of dread, of coming evil, clutched at the heart of Rose Carter, and the smile upon her face was forced.

Presently there was a loud bark from the watchful dog without, a shot followed, a yell, and then heavy blows upon the door.

Springing to their feet, the father and son seized their rifles, while the mother and daughter in considerable alarm awaited the result.

"Who is it that thus comes to my cabin?" cried Alfred Carter, in a stern voice.

"Open your door, old man, or it will be the worse for you," replied a coarse voice outside.

"And why should I open my door to you? Had you come as a friend you would have been welcome; but as you come as a foe I will meet you as you deserve."

"The Branded Brotherhood parley not long, old man," suddenly rang out in a clear, stern voice, and with a few heavy blows from without the door crashed in, and one of the Brotherhood rushed across the threshold, to fall dead with a shot from Edgar's rifle through his heart.

Another shared the same fate, at the hands of Alfred Carter, and then into the cabin poured a score of desperate men, and the brave old settler fell beneath a sweeping blow of Ricardo's knife, just as Red Burke brought the butt of his pistol down upon the head of Edgar.

"Hail! spare the women!" cried Ricardo; but, alas! the order was too late to save poor Mrs. Carter, who, with a shriek of terror and agony, met her death at the hands of one of the band, while another seized the fainting Rose around the waist, crying:

"I've got the richest prize; the gal's mine."

One glance into the beautiful face, and Ricardo, the bandit chief, staggered back, his hand upon his head, while he cried aloud:

"God in heaven! who is that girl?"

"It don't make no difference, chief, who she mout be, but she's my prize," insolently replied the ruffian, who still held her in his arms.

"Release that maiden instantly, sir," cried Ricardo, his face strangely pale and stern.

"You bet I won't do it!" replied the man.

A quick shot followed, a cry of agony, and a stream of hot blood burst from a bullet-wound in the head of the renegade, as he fell dead, still clutching in his strong arms the fainting form of Rose Carter.

"Take that girl from that hound's grasp, and see to it, Red Burke, that no harm befall her, for if there does she shall be weeping and wailing in this band," and thus saying, the robber chief set to work to examine the contents of the cabin, for, to gain booty had this raid been made by the Branded Brotherhood upon the quiet home of poor Alfred Carter.

It did not take long for those experienced hands to go through the humble cabin, and then the order was given to mount. The band departed, Ricardo at their head, and by his side, mounted upon her own horse, which the chief had ordered saddled for her, was the weeping Rose, who had returned to consciousness to find her parents and brother slain, and herself in the power of the bandit chief.

Strangely soft and kind was Ricardo's manner toward the sorrowing girl, but he was nevertheless so firm in his purpose that she had to accompany him to his stronghold. What would be her fate she dared not think, as she rode quietly along with the bitter, scalding tears coursing down her fair cheeks, and a terrible dread at her heart.

Swiftly on rode the band of the Branded Brotherhood, taking a course down the river, until the quick ear of the chief detected distant firing, and he suddenly drew rein.

"What can that mean?" he cried, straining to pierce the darkness of the prairie in the direction of the sound.

"I'll tell you, chief: it's the train being pitched into by some roving band of Indians, and if we wants any of the goods we'd better ride for it, kase you see that's a host of redskins who all that shootin' is going on."

"You are right, Long Dave, and the train is bearing to the southward, contrary to our expectations; so come on, and we'll drive off the redskins and then whip out the settlers."

A yell of joy answered the words of the chief, for the men were anxious to get a chance to make a capture of the wagon-train, which Long Dave had reported to be an exceedingly rich one in supplies of all kinds, and money.

Almost with the speed of the wind the cavalcade spurred on, Ricardo leaving Rose with a guard and the led horses bearing the booty taken in the recent foraging expeditions of the band.

An hour's ride, and the flashes of distant firing were visible, and the rapid discharges proved that the battle was raging most savagely, and that the defenders of the wagon-train were holding out most bravely against the overwhelming numbers that were attacking them.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BATTLE FOR VICTORY.

As Long Dave had said, the settlers' train had been attacked by the Indians—the same band that had besieged them all day, awaiting for night to come on so that they could attack them with greater safety to themselves and less danger of defeat, for Red Dick, having recovered partially from the effects of his severe fall, was determined that he would yet be revenged upon all who had witnessed his disgraceful departure from his position as guide.

Wistfully had all the eyes of the emigrants scanned the prairie all that long day, in hopes of seeing the coming of the Unknown Scout and reinforcements; but night came and no succor was visible, and with determined manner the men set to work to defend to the end of their lives their families and their riches.

As soon as it was dark the Indians commenced the attack, and charged boldly down upon

the train; but during the day the emigrants had strongly fortified their position, and after a sharp and short fight the attacking party fell back.

Yet they did not dream of defeat, and their savage minds began to plot various methods of taking the settlers at a disadvantage, for the Indian never cares to fight an open battle if he can gain his ends by cunning and strategy.

Failing in one plan after the other, Red Dick at length determined to lead one desperate charge, in column, hoping to break through the line by mere weight and numbers, and he was preparing his red allies for the work, when suddenly a cry of alarm was heard in the rear, and up dashed the Branded Brotherhood, with their desperate chief at their head.

The Sioux warriors at first thought they were attacked by a troop of soldiers, and began to scatter in all directions, when the loud voice of Red Dick recalled them, for he recognized the commanding form of Ricardo, and riding up to him, cried:

"Hallo, chief! have you come to aid me in a division of the spoils?"

Ricardo turned his keen look upon the renegade, and apparently recognizing him, replied:

"You are then leading this attack upon my wagon-train, renegade?"

"Your train, chief? Not so fast—for I guided this train from Kansas City," replied Red Dick.

"Yes, guided them into a trap, for you are backed by your band of Dog Soldier Sioux, I see."

"And they'll stick by me too, you bet, chief. Once, I owed allegiance to you, but I got tired of hard knocks and little pay, so I sided with these Indians and they made me their chief, and they've been waiting for me to bring out this train for weeks. Now, I tell you, they are a little too strong for me, I admit, for we've tried 'em for some time; but there's honor among thieves, you know, chief, and I'll share squarely with you and the boys if you give me a lift."

Red Dick, you are a fool, to think I would share a prize with you and your red hounds. True, there was a truce between your band of red devils and my men; but you are a deserter from my ranks, and if you do not immediately draw off your band, I'll shoot you down as I would a dog, and then scalp every one of your gang that I can catch," and Ricardo spoke sternly, and turning to Red Burke, his lieutenant, gave an order in a low voice.

"Now, look here, boss, you don't hold the chance as much as you think, 'cause my redskins ain't a-going to 'low no foolishness, if we has to fight for it, and as to killing a fellow like a dog, why, two kin play at that game, and no questions axed."

As Red Dick spoke, he gave a loud warwhoop, and leveled his pistol at Ricardo, who as quick as lightning had his own weapon covering the head of the renegade, and quietly but threateningly, the two men stood at bay, while around them gathered their separate bands.

What might have been the result of this impromptu duel between the two chiefs, it would be hard to say, for just at that moment there was a terrific discharge of firearms, fired in regular order, a loud cheering, a rushing of hoofs, and after the surprised Indians and bandits could offer any resistance, a squadron of cavalry charged through their line, firing as they rode, and dashing swiftly toward the camp, the next moment were safe within the fortifications, while cheer after cheer rang out from the rejoicing emigrants.

"Cusses out, chief! While we're quarreling here like two tomcats on a fence, that cussed Captain La Clyde and his troopers has gotten through our line and reinforced the emigrants," growled Red Dick savagely, at the same time lowering his pistol.

"That is true, Red Dick, and after all, we had better unite our forces and wage a common war upon the train," responded Ricardo; but it was too dark for his foe to see the evil look of mischief that flashed in his eyes.

"I'm agreed, boss, kase you see it's no use talking about us rooting out that nest of hornets unless we jine forces."

"Very well," Red Dick. "Now, my plan is, that you take the greater part of your redskins up the river *above* the camp, and taking to the water swim down and attack them from that quarter, while I keep up a constant fire upon them in our front; and when you have landed and give the signal, I will charge with my men, aided by those you leave with me."

"It's a good plan, Ricardo, and we'll set out at once," replied Red Dick, and, accompanied by the greater number of his savage men, the desperado strode away, leaving a small guard over his horses.

As cunning as was Red Dick, and as wicked, he was no match for Ricardo, for he had not anticipated that the chief would betray him; but hardly had the renegade and his red allies been gone fifteen minutes, when the remaining Indians had been quietly surrounded by the Branded Brotherhood, and wholly unsuspecting treachery, were suddenly terrified by being unexpectedly set upon by those whom they believed their friends.

Without warning, the Brotherhood instantly rushed upon the Indian warriors, and ere the slightest resistance could be offered, a score of them lay dead upon the prairie; but still the work of slaughter went on, until the few remaining savages crouched together in dismay, not knowing which way to turn, for, although it was the Indian method to surprise and massacre defenseless victims, they had never before had the tables turned upon them.

"Kill every cursing red heathen; leave not one to escape, and warn his companions," cried Ricardo. In vain did the terrified wretches attempt to break through the human barrier that surrounded them, for everywhere they were met by steel and bullet.

At length the slaughter ended, and with a grim and cruel smile, Ricardo turned to Red Burke, and said:

"Burke, yonder come the maiden and led horses, and I wish you to collect these Indian ponies, and with a guard of ten men move down the river to the next mottle and await until you hear from me."

"That will leave you only forty men, chief, with which to tackle the camp and the Ingins too."

"True, but I intend Red Dick and his crew, shall play Kilkenny cats with the settlers, and when they have about used each other up, I will be on hand to reap the spoils. Now be off at once, and mind you, Burke, treat that girl with every respect."

"I hear you, chief."

"And see that you heed; now I will be off with the men to the river-bank, and aid the settlers in driving off Red Dick and his devils."

"You wouldn't fire upon the redskins, chief?"

"Certainly; each one I slay is one out of my way to eventual success."

So saying, Ricardo called to his band to follow him, mounted his horse, and rode slowly in the direction of the camp.

Approaching within a hundred yards, under

cover of a few straggling trees, he sent Long Dave and his Indian scout on abreast, to creep up the river bank, and give warning when Red Dick and his followers should attempt a landing.

He had not long to wait before the two scouts returned, and reported the river black with the heads of the attacking party, and then, lest the settlers should really be surprised, and the Indians take the camp without his aid, Ricardo gave a low order, and under cover of the bank the Brotherhood approached until they could indistinctly see the dark mass upon the water, which they knew to be the

hunting shirt; "just git 'em all picked up where Billy-boy scatter 'em, when bad Ingins come and catch me—take off my clothes—one put 'em on—look like me—jump up on stone and shout much loud—make you believe him me."

But me git away—hide in bushes—hear ole wolf-man talk—hear him tell all 'bout you."

"I thought it strange, Bold Heart," said Dick, "that you don't desert us; but now I see through it all. I believe every word you have told us, and hope I'll never have occasion to suspect you of treachery again."

"Begob, and yeers are a jewil, Bold Heart, me boy; but, how the nashin are wees going to git out at this hole?" demanded Billy.

"Climb rope—climb way up on top of rock," responded the Indian, proudly.

"But suppose the man whom you say is below, should discover and shoot us?"

"Tend to him first—now," was the rejoinder, and seizing the dangling rope, the Indian youth glided up to the roof, hand-over-hand, like a sailor. Billy, who had spent years at sea, and had not forgotten his learning, nor lost any of his dexterity in climbing a rope, followed Bold Heart's example, and scampered up the slender cord to the roof, with remarkable ease.

The Indian made no objection to the brave lad's company, and drawing up the rope from the room, he dropped it over the eve of the roof, when he and Billy carefully lowered themselves to the ground.

Bold Heart was provided with a hatchet and pair of revolvers. The latter he gave to Billy, and thus armed, the two crept around the house and entered the building.

The man left to guard the place lay upon the floor in a half-drunken sleep, and by his side crouched four fierce-looking hounds that might have been a cross between the wolf and blood-hound.

The dogs started up as the boys entered, and manifested a disposition to dispute further intrusion. Their growling awoke the man, who, rising to a sitting posture, bade them be still, before he could fully take in the situation.

This gave the boys an advantage that proved the death of the outlaw. Bold Heart sprung forward and dealt him a blow that felled him to the floor. Then the Indian youth sprang quickly up the ladder, and was followed by Billy. This latter movement was made to escape the fangs of the dogs, which now charged upon them.

Fortunately they succeeded in gaining the loft with no other damage than that sustained by the seat of Billy's pantaloons.

Seating himself upon the top round of the ladder, and leaning his elbows on his knees, the young Celt amused himself by emptying chamber after chamber of his revolver at the dogs that were making frantic efforts to tear him from his perch. Nearly every shot either killed or wounded, and by the time the second weapon had been half emptied, the dogs all lay dead beside their master.

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and all gone to the lake. I do wonder where I could find old Zedekiah Dee, the trapper?"

"Here I be, right here my young kid," was the response of a familiar voice behind him, and the Mad Trapper stepped from a covert of bushes and confronted the youth.

"By George, trapper, I am monstrous glad to see you!" exclaimed Tom; "how's times?"

"Magnumboon, Thomas Idaho," was the trapper's response; "most confoundedly lively, Idaho—skittish as a blind hoss in fly-time, or a nigger in a hornet's nest. How's your pulse been a-throbbin' since the night of that little affair, Thomas?"

"Two hundred to the minute."

"Livin' purity fast then, aren't ye? Crowdin' three years into one. Well, so jogs the world along, Tom, my gay young vagabond."

"This is a fast age, trapper; but it does seem to me that it's lookin' dull around your cabin."

"I've been sayin' so fur some time. I left early this mornin', and when I hove to in that bush two minutes ago, something struck me under the scalp as being wrong. I don't know why I think so, Tom, but I am goin' to see about it. Won't you go down?"

"I will, certainly."

The two descended the bluff, crossed the valley and approached the cabin. At the door they paused and listened. All was still within. The Mad Trapper pulled the latch-string, opened the door and cautiously entered the cabin.

"Jews an' Gentiles! Lord of Israel, preserve me!" burst from the lips of the old boderman, as his eyes fell upon two forms—two human forms—seated before the fire-place.

Both were white men. They were seated upon chairs, or rather tied there, with their faces turned toward the fire. Their hands hung idly over their knees. Their chins rested upon their breasts. One of them held an empty pipe in one hand, while the other held a slip of paper.

"Asleep, are they, Zed?" said Tom; "been out on a social drunk?"

The trapper shook his head, gravely, then he spoke to the two men, but they stirred not. He laid his hand upon one's shoulder and shook him, or tried to, for the man was stark and stiff!

"They're both dead, Tom," the trapper said, in a low, husky tone. "This is the hellish work of that fiend incarnate, Molock."

"Do you know them, friend trapper?"

"They're friends," responded Zed, in a rather evasive manner; "but, read that, Tom," he continued, taking the slip of paper from the dead man's hand and passing it to the youth.

"Vengeance is mine!" he read aloud.

"Is that all?"

"That's all; but it's a miserable scrawl."

"It's Molock's work. Poor boys! they're gone under forever. They're done toilin' here, and their death will be a terrible blow to me. They've been away up to Virginia City for several days, and just got home yesterday. Curses on that Molock! I will hunt him and his Ingins as I would a deer."

Tom removed the hats from the heads of the two lifeless men, and gazed upon their ghastly faces. Instantly he recognized them as the two strangers he and Jack Hill had played with at the "Ophir Exchange"—the very same men who had won his diamond ring, and whom Hill had declared were detectives. But of these facts he said nothing to the trapper.

The old boderman was grievously afflicted with the death of his friends. Tears trickled down his sunburnt cheeks from eyes that seemed to have been wrung dry by long years of isolation from aught that would stir a feeling of tenderness in the human heart.

With the assistance of Tom, the dead were prepared for burial.

Under a stately pine in the valley, two graves were dug; and in the gathering twilight of a glorious summer evening the two men were put away to their final rest.

And all the while the Mad Trapper was sorrowful and silent. He spoke of the men in no way whatever, nor did Tom question him, for he saw that the old man's lips were sealed concerning the two dead friends.

Darkness had fallen ere the two returned to the cabin. Wolves had begun their mournful howling off in the mountains. The towering hills came out in bold relief against the blue, starry sky, and the somber pines rustled their drapery like the shrouds of the dead.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 284.)

Tiger Dick:
OR,
THE CASHIER'S CRIME.

A TALE OF MAN'S HATE AND WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY PHILIP S. WARNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DEAD ALIVE.

The balmy days went by with healing on their wings for May Powell; and though her heart was left crushed and sore, her body gradually yielded to the influences of nature and recovered from the shock that had prostrated her. One evening she passed in wan and sad-eyed consciousness, down the garden path to Honeysuckle Bower. Looking out on the placid river, she thought of the evening when Cecil had come to her, and then, as she thought, had gone out to that cruel death at the hands of her brother.

She could scarcely realize it even now, that Cecil was dead—that he lay cold and still in his far-away grave, and that Fred, who had protected her kitten from the cruelty of his playfellows, and had wept with her when she broke her doll—she could scarcely realize that Fred had thrust him from the bluff into the terrible waters, and now fled a branded outcast.

As she thought and wept, a dark object appeared on the water, moving toward her. She soon made it out to be the head of a man swimming—a man with heavy black whiskers and a face of corpse-like pallor, lighted by sunken eyes of unnatural brilliancy. Her first instinct was to fly; but his voice detained her, though her heart palpitated with apprehension.

"Do not fear, lady," he said, in a reassuring tone. "You are Miss Powell, are you not?"

"Yes, sir," she replied, still trembling.

"I come to you with word of your brother. Can I see you now, where we will not be overheard?"

He spoke in a guarded tone, glancing about as he walked up out of the water.

There was something familiar in the voice that May could not explain. But he was from her brother; that explained his strange manner of coming.

"You can speak to me here, sir. We are alone. Where is Frederick? Is he well? And has he escaped so that they cannot follow him?"

The man stopped at a little distance from her, as if to reassure her, and said:

"Miss Powell, your brother is the victim of a terrible mistake."

"A mistake? What mistake?"

"You have heard of innocent men being convicted on circumstantial evidence?"

"Innocent!—Frederick innocent? What do you mean?"

"Men supposed to be dead have reappeared, alive and well."

"Oh, sir! pray explain yourself. At what are you hinting?"

"Prepare your mind for a great joy. I repeat, your brother is the victim of a fatal mistake."

"What do you say? Frederick innocent, and—"

"Cecil Beaumont is not dead!"

May sat as still as death for a moment, and then she said, in a dying voice:

"You are mistaken. They buried him more than a week ago."

"That was the mistake. It was not Beaumont."

Again she sat still, this time panting with a wild excitement. She sat and looked at the speaker trying to receive his words into her mind and digest their meaning.

"How do you know?" she asked, presently.

"I have seen him within the hour."

"Take me to him! Where is he? Why did he not come with you?"

She arose and put her hand on the arm of the stranger, gazing into his face with fevered impatience.

"He has suffered. He is much changed. You would scarcely know him."

"Is he ill? What has happened? Oh, sir, take me to him immediately."

"He is as pale and thin and ghastly as I am," pursued the stranger, looking at her sadly.

Now she rose on tiptoe and peered into his face. A cadence in his voice had set her heart to throbbing wildly. The next instant he tore the false whiskers from his face, threw an arm about her, and put his hand over her mouth. It was just in time to check the cry that arose from her lips, as she faints in his arms.

"Poor thing! poor thing!" muttered Cecil Beaumont, as he laid her down on the grass.

"How I have wronged her! She loved me—she loves me still, as few women are capable of loving; and I, friend, that I am, trample her heart ruthlessly under foot!"

Then with the glitter of insanity glowing in his eyes, he went on:

"Ah! how sad it is to be in the hands of so cruel a fate! Everything that I ever loved—everything that ever loved me—has fallen under the curse!"

With a quivering sob May Powell came back to life again; and then, with a sound like the cooing of a dove, she nestled in his arms, clinging about his neck, unconscious that her clothes were being saturated by the water that still dripped from his garments, only weeping and laughing and kissing him, with little caressing hugs, and repeating over and over again, as if she would never tire of the sound:

"Cecil! Cecil! Cecil! Cecil!"

And Cecil Beaumont held her in his arms and wept over her like a child. His only thought was:

"How I have wronged her!—how I have wronged her! Ah! what a cruel, cruel soul!"

It seemed as if she would have sat there forever, without a word of explanation, filled with the knowledge that he lived—with his arms enfolding her—with his broad breast for her heart to beat against. But he broke the spell.

"May," he said, "I have come back to you, but not to the world."

She started back, and gazed at him, with open-eyed wonder.

"Not to the world?" she repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I cannot explain to you now, but the world must not know for a few days that I am not dead. I have a task to perform. At least I should be frustrated—my life might yet be in jeopardy."

"Cecil, who is your enemy? Is it that terrible man?—that—that—Tiger Dick?" Has he been trying to kill you? Oh! what a wrench! I knew that he was a murderer, that day when I saw him smile."

"Yes, he is at the bottom of it all," assented Cecil, gladly jumping at any solution that would satisfy her curiosity.

"Then why not apply to the police immediately, and have him arrested?"

"I cannot meet him in that way, May. See; here is the mark of his last bullet."

He opened his shirt and showed where a bullet, shot at him from one side, had ranged across his breast, leaving a blue line. She uttered a tremulous cry.

"Oh, Cecil! what can we do for it?"

"Nothing," he replied. "It is not injurious; but it was a narrow escape. May, cannot you hide me for two or three days? I do not know where else to go for security."

"Cecil, where?" she asked.

"I do not know. There must be room in that big house."

He looked wistfully at the house as he spoke.

May thought a moment, and then the color came into her cheeks.

"Your life depends upon it; every consideration must give way before that," she said, in apology to herself than to him.

"Yes, my life may depend upon it," he replied, detecting the struggle in her breast between conventional propriety and conscious purity of purpose.

"I know of but one place where you will be secure from prying eyes," she said, looking straight into his face; "but though my conduct will provoke curiosity the while, it will receive no explanation until you are out of danger. Stay here, until I see if the way is clear to get you into the house."

Then she was gone; and Cecil Beaumont, in the very crucible through which he had passed, standing in the shadow that seemed sanctified by her recent presence, bared his head with a reverence for womanhood that his rational moments had never known.

"May," he said, in a whispered apostrophe, "in your devotion I see the treasure I have carelessly thrown aside; in your love I recognize a pearl cast before swine! Your love for me blinded you to a fact as patent as day; and now, for love of me, you lay at my feet a woman's dearest treasure—for my sake, freely, unhesitatingly; you incur the risk, of compromising yourself in the eyes of the world, who, seeing only through the discolored medium of their own vile natures, discern in fine gold only dross. And I—I accept it! As it was not enough, I betray you while accepting it, and make your very nobility of soul subserve the gratification of the basest of passions—revenge."

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blood of her whom I had enshrined in my heart of hearts! They will never be clean again, till bathed in the blood of the fiend whose baleful wings, through all these years, have hovered between me and the sunlight of heaven!"

A frenzy was upon him; and he paced the bower like a caged lion, with blazing eyes, white, quivering nostrils, and fever-parched lips.

A step sounded on the walk, and instantly he was calm.

"Come!" said May, and gave him her hand.

Cautiously they approached the house. She led him in at a side door, up a dark staircase, through a corridor, to a room which, from its appointments, he recognized as her boudoir. From this she opened a door that ushered him into her bedchamber.

"Here, Cecil; you will be safe," she said.

"Do not go near enough to the window to be seen from the lawn, and I will keep watch in the outer room so that no one can get to you. I will have my meals served in the boudoir, and share them with you. There are some of Fred's—poor Fred's garments, so that you can change your wet clothes immediately."

He stood, as if overpowered, with bowed head and swimming eyes. Then he bent over her hand, and while tears fell upon it with his kisses, he said:

"God bless you, May, and help me! How little deserving of this I am!"

"Hush, Cecil!" she whispered; "I would yield my life for you, if need were!"

A moment she laid her cheek to his, touching her lips, with her heart in them, to his neck; and then she pushed him gently into the room and closed the door.

Long she walked the floor of her boudoir in fevered excitement.

"He is alive! he is alive!" she whispered to herself, her face almost luminous with its radiance of love and joy and gratitude. Then the thought that he was the wreck of his former self wrung her heart with a twinge of anguish; but she banished it as ungrateful, after the great mercy of Heaven in sparing his life; and with hands reverently folded on her bosom, she raised her streaming eyes and whispered: "Oh, God! I thank thee. He is alive!"

But her enfeebled frame succumbed at last; and she lay white and still on the sofa, and with her hands before her eyes to shut out everything else from her consciousness, thought of him with her whole soul.

The clock was on the stroke of twelve, when Mr. Powell raised his head from the table, where it had been resting on his arms in painful meditation. Wearily he arose; and as he stood, a man prematurely old through grief, one could see how fearfully the events of the past few weeks had told upon him.

A drunkard, a gambler, a forger, a robber, a murderer!—and now, to crown the catalogue of infamy, he had beguiled from her the woman he professed to love, and sunk her to the quagmire of his shame! That was the thought that wrung the father's heart, and turned his black hairs gray.

But hark! as if in mockery of his grief comes a long, wild laugh of derision. It rises weird and spectral; and dies away in a blood-curdling rattle. He starts and listens. What is it? Again it rises. And now he rushes to the door and up the stairs, and without knocking, bursts into May's boudoir.

She is standing in the middle of the room, as white as any ghost. She raises her hand in a gesture that holds him on the threshold. Again that hideous laugh rings through the house, coming unmistakably from her bed-chamber, and covering her face with her hands, she stands shudd

THE SATURDAY JOURNAL

Published every Monday morning at nine o'clock.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 18, 1875.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United States and in the Canadian Dominion. Particulars can be obtained from a number of them, according to the paper sent direct, from the publication office, are supplied at the following rates:

Terms to Subscribers, Postage Prepaid:

One copy, four months \$1.00

one year 2.00

Two copies, one year 5.00

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Sunshine Papers.

Ripples.

We stood by the edge of a pleasant pond. The waters were glassy clear, revealing the finny inhabitants that sported in their depths. On the far side we could see the little birds fluttering back and forth among the rushes, and the trees dropping tender foliage to its brim.

"John Henry, throw this small stone into the center of the pond."

"Whiz! Plash!" The stone sunk out of sight and the waters grew still and smooth again, save a tiny ripple circling the spot where it fell. See how the ripples float outward, further and further, until it breaks against the banks at either side, and washes up on the carriage drive where we stand.

Again—we lingered on the shore of a large bay. The waves rolled in over the yellow sand with languid, regular sweeps, up, almost to our very feet. We picked up many pebbles, throwing them at long intervals into the bay. As on the glassy pond, so here on the thrashing deep, the ripples circled far and wide, breaking on the sands on one side, stretching far beyond our vision on the other. Silently we moved away.

A few days later we were in the glow of noon tide, where the broad Atlantic rolled its blue waves against the rock on which we sat. Far away passed a white steamer. We took our watches and waited. Slowly, very slowly it seemed, the minutes crept into the past. Fifty-five were gone, then, plash! plash! plash! among the rocks, broke ripples that had come o'er many miles, the effect of what had passed beyond the range of our vision three quarters of an hour before. Perhaps, there were tears in our eyes; surely, there was a heavy pain at our hearts as we looked into each other's faces.

The glassy pond, the thrashing bay, the rolling ocean—were the world; the child's world—the youth's world—manhood's and womanhood's world. The stone, the pebble, the steamer—our deeds and our words sending ripples over the soul-life of the whole world; ripples only ceasing when they reach the shore where time beats itself to death on the unchanging boundaries of eternity.

The world is moved by ripples.

John Howard, an Englishman of little note, became a captive in a French prison. His kind heart was sore grieved by the sufferings of the wretched prisoners. He resolved, when released, to attempt to alleviate their condition. His efforts were crowned with success, and a reformation effected in prison treatment.

Ripple, ripple, ripple, spread from that small act, until John Howard's presence was hailed with joy from the jails of his native England, to the perpetual winters of Siberian forests, and the fever-lazarettes of southern Europe; and his name is revered in every land.

The ripples that his deeds started circle yet, and shall circle through all time; making a filthy, unhealthy, inhumanly conducted prison a reproach that arouses a chorus of shame! from the inhabitants of every civilized land.

A little peasant girl dreamed among her flocks, and went forth to head an army. The ripples that floated forth, as she resolved to aid her country, surged under the impotent Charles and swept him back to his throne. Those ripples changed the course of French history and have come circling down through the years, whispering ever the name of Joan of Arc.

Watching the ripples on the ocean brings to one's heart with awful solemnity, the realization that our lightest words, our most trifling acts, send world-wide ripples over the great ocean of humanity. Yet how rarely we pause to consider that a careless word will echo time after time against other ears than those that listen now—helping to make or mar the life of mortals till time is over.

It is a trifling matter for you, oh! belles, drawing your dainty robes about you, to speak a pleasant word, or place a penny in the hand of the beggar-girl who sweeps the crossing; yet the smile, the kind word, may help to waken a glorious life in that little one, a life that shall some day exercise a power over all the world.

It is a trifling matter for you, oh! beaux, to smile and say of a woman, "She is a little fast;" and yet the ripples of that light speech may surge across her pathway, bearing her toward bitterest woe and death.

There is no word, how'er so unintended, But wear or woe may bear! There is no act, how'er so sincere repented, But ripples everywhere.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

FRIENDS, LOVE AND JOKES.

Our Lettie wants to know why people are so fickle in their friendships, and why so many beings throw aside an old, tried and familiar face to run after a new one. It is a hard problem to solve, and one that I have been endeavoring to find an answer to ever since I came to give any thoughts to the subject. Maybe it is because we are too fond of novelty. We like new clothes, new gloves and new fashions, but, when they have ceased to be novelties, we become weary of them and seek a change in something newer and fresher. Isn't it in the same manner with friends?

One great error we fall into is in forming sudden friendships. We become acquainted with people for whom we form a great attachment. We can see no faults in them, and we consider it an almost unpardonable offense for any one else to find any. This sort of thing goes on until a new actor comes upon the scene, one who may have a handsomer face, wear better clothes, or be blessed with a trifle more worldly wealth, and then the friendship we formed for another is thrown to the winds. It is a sad way to do, but it seems to be the way of the world. Lettie, my friend, poverty often turns friends in the wrong direction, and when we most need the value of a friend's comfort, we find that the friend and the comfort have left by the back door. Fickleness is a characteristic with many and many a one. How few of those wonderfully strong friendships girls form for each other—especially schoolgirls—last through life! Absence has much to do with this severing of friendship, for, you know, when we are away, we are not long missed and not very long remembered. If you had asked me why lovers are so changeable, I should have been tempted to answer that it is because love is a weather-vane. The old rhyme runs:

"Love's a feather, April weather,
Sometimes sun and sometimes shower,
Fickle changing, fond of ranging,
Like a bee from flower to flower."

It has been so since the world began, and doubtless it will continue to be so until the end of time.

Laura is in a quandary. She is loved and loves in return. Her beloved is poor, deeply in debt, and not over strong. He has told Laura that he fears he will come upon the town—i. e., be a resident of the poor house—with him for a husband than be the richest lady in the land without his love, and she actually wants Eve's advice. "I'm afraid Laura is one of those who ask advice and then do just as they please about acting upon it. I think a wife should share the fortunes of her husband," but it seems to me that I should rather wait until my lover's debts are paid and he got a little more "forehand" in the world. A honey-moon passed in the poor-house doesn't seem exactly the thing. It wouldn't suit me, Laura may think herself very heroic, but her ambition should soar higher than love in an alms-house. When the first of this love wears away, will not Laura sigh for handsome clothes, will she not feel somewhat above being dependent on others for support, and will she not be apt to complain because matters are not as they ought to be? Will she not upbraid her husband and tell him how much better she might have married? Will he not answer back that she knew what she had to expect when they were wedded? Will there not be scolding and fault-finding on both sides of the house? Will they not commiserate the day that ever brought them together? It is a gloomy prospect I own, and a sad prophecy to make, but as it has proved true in other cases, will it not be likely to do so again? If people will walk foolishly into the fire they must expect to get scorched.

Miriam asks why people become so flippant in speaking of sacred subjects! It must be owing to the small bump of veneration on their heads. It doesn't seem to me that one who will crack jokes in the pulpit has much respect for his profession or the Master he professes to serve. There's a place for all things, but I don't believe that the pulpit is the place for telling funny stories. I consider those who do are not in their proper sphere. Many persons talk lightly of death and of the dead, in such a manner sometimes as to shock those who possess sensitive minds. Are there no other subjects for merriment? Cannot anything else serve as a theme for a jest? Are there people among us so perverted as to mock at our griefs? If they are in the ascendancy, then I want to emigrate; I want to leave this mundane sphere and sail for other lands where sensitive feelings are not made sport of, and where one's dead will be left to lie calmly in its grave, and not be the subject for unseemly mirth.

EVE LAWLESS.

OUR FUTURE RICH MEN.

WHAT becomes of the sons of our great men? is a question that is frequently asked and as frequently left unanswered. The intellectual powers of the father, if predominant, seldom descend to the son. In a certain sense this rule holds true with respect to the ability to acquire and retain riches. If the father possesses this in a remarkable degree, the son, in nine cases out of ten, is a spendthrift. Examples of this are not wanting. The descendants of men who two or three generations ago rolled in opulence, hold clerkships or other subordinate positions. Wealth, influence, and ability in some families descend from father to son, but these are isolated cases, and, as exceptions, only prove the truth of the rule. Since they are so seldom retained in one family for any great length of time, the query, where our rich men of the future will come from, naturally suggests itself. They do come to the surface, and, gradually unfolding these powers which enable them to manage vast enterprises, control millions, and wield a mighty influence. The result is not a freak of fortune; they are not kicked into good luck. Their success is merely the result of long and laborious years, a right appreciation of the details. Wealthy young men begin life just where their fathers left off, and, of course, end where their fathers began, i. e., at the little end of the horn. Our future rich men are to-day peddling fish in the streets, selling oranges or papers on the sidewalk, or are engaged in some remunerative employment, the wages of which are each week divided between current expenses and the savings bank, the latter generally getting the lion's share.

The Boston Traveler illustrates this by several cases coming under its own observation. "We have in view," it says, "a candy man who owns a little stand on a street corner and a marble block at the South End; or a little bootblock on State street who has six hundred dollars in one of the city savings banks. Business men appreciated the tact displayed by this boy, and he has a long list of regular customers, bringing him a weekly income of ten to twenty dollars. Another case is that of a little match merchant who frequently visits State street and vicinity, and salutes you with, 'Buy some parlor matches, cap'n!' He is a bright, active, intelligent little fellow, with a cheery voice, betraying the metropolitan accent, and large, black eyes, that always flash when he sees a chance to make a dime. His history is as interesting as it is brief. He formerly lived in New York, where he was thrown upon his own resources, and formed the laudable determination to support himself, and, like others, to become a drone. Borrowing twenty-five dollars from a friend, he invested the entire amount in matches, and disposing of his stock at a fair profit, was soon enabled to pay the debt and begin business on the profits. Appreciating money at its proper

value, and knowing from intuition what it has taken others years to learn, he began right, banked every dollar he could spare, and now, though he has been in business only a very short time, has three hundred dollars in bank, a stock of matches worth seventy-five dollars, pays four dollars per week for board, current expenses, and constantly adds to his funds in the bank. His enterprise, keen business tact, and foresight, when his age is considered, are simply wonderful!

These are the coming rich men! It is such boys who answer our question, "Where will they come from?"

PLAIN TALK TO GIRLS.

YOUR everyday toilet is a part of your fury or a sloven in the morning is not to be trusted, however finely she may look in the evening. No matter how humble your room may be, there are eight things it should contain, viz.: a mirror, wash-stand, soap, towel, comb, hair, nail and tooth-brushes. Those are just as essential as your breakfast, before which you should make good and free use of them. Parents who fail to provide their children with such appliances, not only make a great mistake, but commit a sin of omission.

Look tidy in the morning, and after the dinner work is over, improve your toilet. Make it a rule of your daily life to "dress up" for the afternoon. Your dress may, or need not be, anything better than calico; but with a ribbon, or some bit of ornament, you have an air of self-respect and satisfaction, that invariably commutes with being well-dressed. A girl with fine sensibilities cannot help feeling embarrassed and awkward in a ragged, dirty dress, with her hair unkempt, if a stranger or neighbor comes in.

Moreover, your self-respect should demand the decent apparel of your body. You should make it a point to look as well as you can, even if you know nobody will see you but yourself.

Foolscap Papers.

Revolutionary Relics for the Coming Centennial.

I HAVE a very large collection of relics of the Revolution, and it is my design to place them on exhibition at the Centennial Exposition. A sight of them is worth three times the price of admission, therefore the price of admission will accordingly be trebled. They will not be again on public exhibition until the next Centennial, 1876, and if you miss this opportunity you will have to wait with great impatience for another long hundred years, or thereabouts, and some of you will get tired before that time comes.

Among the many relics comprised in the list, allow me to give the following: The first shot of the Revolution, whose echo was heard around the world. This shot was picked out of my grandfather's back at the battle of Lexington. He turned round and shook his fist at the British and defied them ever to catch him—that patriot was never taken.

The armor that General Whitehorn—my venerated ancestor—wore at the battle of Long Island, which is a tree; very historical.

The original flag which was entirely destroyed by fire at the burning of New London. This, without any doubt, is one of the most remarkable curiosities left us of the times that tried the Whitehorn soles.

A small piece of the week before the capture of Major Andre.

The bellows which gave the first blow for freedom.

The authorized report of the first gun that was fired at Lexington; also the report of the first building which was fired in Concord.

A few pieces of the first flashes of war, embalmed.

A handful of feathers from the first American eagle, 1776.

Several pauses from the speech of John Adams.

A section and a half of Paul Revere's Ride.

The first ring of Independence Bell in Philadelphia.

Some of the rumbles that shook the earth when the magazine in Fort Moultrie blew up.

Some of the breeze to which the American flag was first unfurled, stuffed.

The last word of Warren when he fell at Bunker Hill, a-Warren with the British.

A coat that Washington didn't wear at the crossing of the Delaware in one of the greatest exploits of the Revolution; very interesting.

A handful of powder that was shot out of the first cannon that was fired at the battle of Stony Point—a remarkable relic.

A post-hole from the fence behind which the Americans fought at Concord.

One of the waves which swept over an English boat in Boston Harbor during the siege.

A very large piece of the smoke that hung over the field of battle at Saratoga, dried.

A cane made out of the cherry tree which Washington cut down with his little hatchet, originally presented to the undersigned by the lovers of truth in America. Also a nick out of the aforesaid little hatchet.

A piece of the first long roll at the battle of Bunker Hill.

A shot from the saw-horse which Washington rode when a small boy.

The original hole which was shot into a regimental flag at the battle of Bennington.

An order from General W. detailing Sergeant Whitehorn to guard the commissary department; another, dated the next day, rescinding the order, not on account of the incapacity of my distinguished relative, but because of too much capacity—he ate too much.

A drum upon which a relative of mine used to beat a retreat—he could beat any retreat by several miles.

A few yards of the original line of battle at Bunker Hill.

A few old circular whoops of the patriots who destroyed the tea in Boston Harbor; also a few drawings of the same tea; pretty far drawn.

One step from Faneuil Hall; also a few steps from the retreat of the Americans from Brandywine.

The first cannon that ever was discharged from the American service.

A cannon-ball, fired at the siege of Boston, which would have killed Washington if he had not happened to be on another part of the field just at that critical moment. This is a very valuable and historical relic, and shows that Providence was on the side of our country from the start.

Some of the earliest notes of the Revolution—signed generally by the Whitehorns, and just as good now as when they were first given.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

THE greatest benefit which one friend can confer on another, is to guard and excite and elevate his virtues.

Topics of the Time.

In Paris there is a very wealthy misanthrope who never smokes anything but the vilest cigars—those which are sold for a son. The other day a friend asked the cause of this eccentricity. "It gratifies me in this way. I arrive at the theater in my carriage. The prancing horses are pulled up, and I alight with dignity, at the same time throwing away my half-smoked cigar." "Well, what then?" "I think how badly sold the fellow is who picks up the stump, thinking he has hold of a fragrant Havana!"

"All last winter," says Mark Twain, "I sat at home drunk with joy over every storm that howled along, because I knew that so no dog of a lecturer was out in it." Whitehorn rejoices over the late heavy rain-storms and consequent mud because it gives him a good excuse for wearing his "stoga" boots to church. Having no others he couldn't wear.

Christian and go to church in prison-made boots in pleasant weather. So he hopes it will keep on until some time in the year, when he can't get up,"

The great Dalles, Texas, a chain fourteen and a half feet long and consisting of one hundred and fifty different silver coins, no two of which are alike. The coin of almost every country on the globe is represented in the chain, which is linked together with small silver wires. It was found in the Indian Territory, recently, and at one time was, doubtless, the talisman of some mighty monarch among the red men. As Texas has recently resumed specie payments we suppose the step was taken on the strength of this "Ind."

—That the Chinese were once inhabitants of this country now seems to be probable. There are remains in the Pacific States which unquestionably are Chinese, and associated with a very remote date. They seem to have succeeded the "Mound Builders"—after that race, for some incomprehensible reason, had been utterly annihilated or driven

TO A CHILD.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

I saw a sculptured group to-day;
A child who, wearied at his play,
Was listening, with a smile, to hear
A fairy's whisper in his ear.
An artist hand had wrought the clay
Into a picture. All the day
I've wondered where the fairies tell
To young hearts wrapped in childhood's spell.

Sometimes I hear them at their play
Laugh out in such a happy way,
And talk in language of unknown words
As glad as any song of birds.
That I am sure their bright eyes see
Some fairy friend that's hid from me.

And sometimes, when they sit alone,
Their eyes have grave and solemn grown,
And I can fancy that they see
Some glimpse of life's great mystery,
And that they understand and know
The secret that perplexes us so.

Oh, little children! if ye knew!
I think that angels talk with you,
And tell you secrets strange and sweet,
That your child-lips may not repeat.
Pray God your souls may always be
So pure that they can talk with thee!

Ethelind's Hate.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

THE June moonlight was almost bright as day, and, standing in the open French window, her hands clutching the lace curtains with a grip as fierce as fate itself, Ethelind Heath could see Miller Joyce and Miss Remington when they walked up and down the wide path in front of the house, arm in arm, and with a satisfied way that nearly drove her mad.

She was a slight, graceful girl, this Ethelind Heath, with dark, Spanish eyes that, just now, were gleaming like kindling coals; whose brightness deepened and intensified with ominous swiftness, as she stood, like a statue, clutching the delicate lace curtains as if they had been a doom she had sworn to conquer, and staring at the two out in the sweet, soft moonlight.

Not a gesture, not an occasional louder word, not a bend of Miller Joyce's handsome head, not a note of the girl's low, melodious laugh, escaped her. She watched her bosom rising and falling rapidly in time to the passionate pulsing of her heart. She listened, the pallor of her face increasing, while two flame fires burst on either cheek; and once, when the girl raised her head, and looked up into his handsome face with an indescribable gesture that Ethelind's woman-jealousy told her meant so much—then, a low, angry cry, almost hissing in its sudden sharpness, came surging between the set teeth, the quivering lips.

"And for this I have come to Fernwald!"

It implied more than it expressed—that one sentence she uttered, involuntarily, as she turned away from the window, and walked with unsteady step out of the drawing-room—through the music-room, and into the dimness and fragrance of the conservatory beyond, where, while Miller Joyce and Fay Remington walked to and fro for minutes that were blissfully short to them, were fearfully long to her—this, while Ethelind Heath, in a dark nook under a spreading lemon tree, crouched in a white, trembling, pulsing heap, as she reviewed all the treachery of the man she loved, the man who had sworn he loved her, the man whose rich, sweet voice came occasionally to her ears, as he talked with Fay Remington.

For this then—this desertion of her standard—this ardent enlistment under another banner—Miller Joyce had half-reluctantly consented to accompany her on a visit to Fernwald. Now, it would be with complete reluctance he would be obliged to leave Fernwald and Fernwald's young mistress—even with Ethelind Heath, the passion-hearted girl, who, as he walked in the moonlight with Fay, was frantically twisting the opal and pearl engagement-ring on her hot, throbbing finger.

She was thoroughly roused—this gipsy-faced girl, with slumberous fire in her eyes when her life was calm and even—with a tempest of raging flame in them now.

"I want to know what accurst fate brought me here! I want to know what I have done, that the great happiness of my life is taken out of my hand—and by her, by HER!"

She did not utter the thoughts that were boiling in her brain—people never soliloquize unless they are idiotic—but by the hunted look in her eyes, the dumb wrath and anguish around her tense mouth, if you could have seen her, you could have almost guessed her thoughts.

He had not been her first lover—other men had sued for her favor, and raved over her heartlessness, when the secret was that her heart was sealed, waiting for the master hand to send its leaping waters forth. And Miller Joyce had been the man. Ethelind Heath loved him, for once, forever, with a constancy, a fervor, a jealousy that made all of life to her from the moment he kissed her, his betrothed wife. And now—nigh—after only seven weeks of unalloyed content—this!

As she sat there, a shade among shadows, Ethelind tried to assure herself of the impossibility of her lover's fidelity; then, when her jealous heart indignantly, persistently refused the doubt, she knew that, of the two out yonder in the summer night—she hated one, to death!

"Not him—ah! not him, with his handsome face and his courtly air; not him, who had wooed her with words that made her heart throb now, to remember; and for a second, Ethelind wished she might hate him, rather than this soul-sickening yearning for him that all her pride could not control.

But, that other! with the dark, violet eyes, into which Miller Joyce had looked. With the white brow, the tiny curls of yellow gold hair—with the bright smile, the winning way, the—

Her figure quivered with rage as she mentally enumerated Fay Remington's charms; and then, she sprang from her low seat, like a tiger, who scents the prey.

"Like a fool I sit here and leave them to their own way! Like a fool I have let them have their own way, that now—now—ah! my flossy-haired beauty, if you knew a tittle of what is in store for you! if you even dreamed of what my hatred of you has devised, you would have left me alone!"

Then, as Miller Joyce and Miss Remington entered the drawing-room by one door, Ethelind entered by another—calm as a June sky, unruled as a lake at a windless noon tide, to meet Fay's honest, fearless eyes.

"If I have kept your liege too long, Ethelind, scold me, and not him. He really was not to blame."

Her sweet, girlish voice came laughingly to Ethelind as she was crossing the floor.

"No! How kind of you to absolve Mr. Joyce! I fear I shall not be so lenient. Fay, I wish you would play that operetta I mentioned yesterday."

Then, while the girl's fair fingers were flying over the keys in perfect rushes of melody,

Ethelind beckoned to Joyce, who lingered by the window.

"I fear you are establishing the reputation of a recreant knight. However, I am not afraid of you."

He leaned his handsome head near her—so near he might have stolen a kiss from her glowing pink cheek.

"Thank you, my darling! You need not be afraid of my disloyalty. Miss Remington is a charming girl, but you—are my sweet-heart."

For an instant it seemed to Ethelind there was something inexpressibly sweet and tender and proud in his low words; then she was as positive as she was a hidden sarcasm in them.

"Yes, I am," she said to herself, as they sat and listened to "Fiorella"; and if the words had been spoken, their bitterness of tone would have thrilled them strangely.

And yet, there was no perceptible trace of the hot, unreasoning fury raging in her breast in her cool, calm voice as she addressed Fay Remington an hour later, in Fay's bedroom.

"You are really going down to the old Red Mills to-morrow, and alone, Fay?"

Fay turned a laughing face toward Ethelind.

"To-morrow, and alone. Are you shocked that I dare so abuse the proprieties, or were you about to offer your company? To tell the honest truth, Ethie, I prefer to go alone, for I am determined to finish my sketch of the old bridge and wheel. If you go, I will talk all the time—so I don't want you, dear. Mr. Joyce offered to escort me, but I forbade him."

Ethelind's eyes flamed.

"He did?" she said, quickly; then, with wonderfully assumed calmness, went on.

"If you prefer to go alone, all right. Only be very careful when you cross that narrow planking they call a bridge. It makes me dizzy to think of it—the boards are so small and insecure, and the water boils so angrily along there."

She watched Fay closely, as the girl took hold of her beautiful hair.

"You are kind, Ethie, but never worry about me. I am clear-headed, and sure-footed."

And as they said good-night, there was murder in Ethelind Heath's eyes.

It was very quiet, away out in the lonely countryside, a mile from any house, with only the sweet noises of birds and bees, and the fall of the water over the old, half-ruined dam.

Three hours before, Fay Remington had gone singing down the narrow path, over the rattling little bridge, and into the old gray mossy-walled mill, sketch-book in hand.

Now, Ethelind Heath crept along the lonely path, with the thundering of the water drowning every step she took, every awkward effort she made at her devilish task.

With dilated eyes, and rapid pulse, with crimson flame on her cheeks, and strong, yet trembling hands, she worked—desperately, with ten times her natural strength; she worked with insane fury in her heart, and that same awful look in her eyes.

Board by board she tore up the flimsy planking of the bridge, and sent them floating down the whirling stream; the dim dusk coming on just as she had done, and turned to go home, hiding her bleeding hands within her thick gloves, and walking with slow, deliberate steps, and a face now deadly pale.

"I'll teach her to steal my lover from me! When she comes suddenly around that angle at the corner of the mill, she'll never notice the bridge is gone, and then—then—" Ethelind shivered—"she'll know what it means to cross my path."

She quickened her pace, and hurried homeward, her face recovering some of its color, but looking so woefully wild that Miller Joyce stopped in her alarm as they met at the gate.

"Ethie, darling, what is the matter? Are you faint? are you sick? Where have you been? Aunt Agnes has been so worried that you were out so late; and Fay hasn't come, either."

A horrible coldness seized her. No. Fay hadn't come home!

She essayed to smile, but it was quite a failure.

"I believe I am sick, Miller. I was walking toward the village, and the sun seemed so hot, and my head hurt so. I will go to meet you now."

"Then you did not go to meet Fay? We thought perhaps you had. You went in just the opposite direction, then."

"Yes, just the opposite direction," she said, faintly, her face growing white, her lips blue, again.

"You had better go up-stairs, dear," Miller said, tenderly; "aunt Agnes will attend to you, and Fay'll be coming soon; she can take care of you nicely."

Ethelind laid her white, cold hand—stained a red that was only visible to her own wild, staring eyes—on his sleeve.

"You are always talking of Fay, Miller. Do you—do you—I mean who do you love best—of us two?"

Miller's eyes looked searchingly in Ethelind's; then, with a half-passionate smile, he answered, quite gravely:

"You have been so jealous as that, my darling! I have been foolish, perhaps, in not telling you a secret I have discovered since I came to Fernwald—which I kept for Fay's own sake, but which I think you should know, especially since you love me so well as to be jealous of my attentions to my sister-in-law!"

He had expected to see surprise, but he was hardly prepared for the sudden, despairing horror that surged over her face.

"Your sister-in-law!" she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes—brother Will's wife—since early in the spring, when, for various reasons, there was a secret marriage. To-morrow is Fay's birthday, when she will be legally her own mistress, and Will is coming to claim her, and there will be such a joyous time, mirth—Ethelind! for Heaven's sake don't look at me so!"

"Take me—up-stairs. I am—deathly sick!"

All she was truly deathly sick! What had she done—she, a miserable human being, to her?

"Your sister-in-law!" she repeated, mechanically.

"Yes—brother Will's wife—since early in the spring, when, for various reasons, there was a secret marriage. To-morrow is Fay's birthday, when she will be legally her own mistress, and Will is coming to claim her, and there will be such a joyous time, mirth—Ethelind! for Heaven's sake don't look at me so!"

"And how long are we to stay here?"

"I do not know. To-night, certainly."

"I have not a dress with me—not even night clothes."

"Our things will be sent; never fear; pray calm yourself. The monsieur has ordered supper for us."

"I do not want any."

"You must have refreshment; and I am fainting. Be sure all will be right."

Another tap at the door; and two servants entered, one of them bearing a silver tray.

The snowy cloth was soon laid, and a tempting supper set out. The choicest wine was not wanting.

In spite of her vexation, Ethelind was not

unconscious across the threshold, where, fascinated, she had stood to listen.

A pair of despairing eyes, from which all joy seemed to have taken its everlasting flight—Ethelind Heath's eyes slowly opened to consciousness again, nearly twenty-four hours from the time when she had fallen across the threshold, fainting from terror and remorse.

Now, in the sunset, they weakly opened—to meet Fay Remington's tender, anxious, looking in her own.

"Ethie, darling, thank God! you have opened those dear eyes again!"

A low, moaning wail from Ethelind's lips, then a sharp, hysterical cry, then—as the blessed, blessed truth came fully to her—that Fay was alive—that God had been more merciful than she—the tears came, cool, rushing torrents.

"Fay! Fay! this is too much! Can I ever thank God enough?"

"I never thought you loved me so, dear, but Miller says when the men carried poor old Jenkins in, when he had one of his terrible fits last night, that you surely must have feared it was me, for you screamed frightened and they found you on the floor."

Ethelind gazed at the girl's bright, happy face as if she never could drink in enough of the sight.

"But you—you, Fay; you didn't come home, and—I was so alarmed."

A solemn gravity crossed Fay's countenance.

"It was God's mercy, dear, that I went around by Allie Dean's instead of coming straight home. The rain surprised me, as I sat sketching, and if I had not gone through the back door of the mill I would not have been here. The creek had arisen—we saw when we came home this morning—and the planks were all washed away."

"But—Never mind; you're safe now; and happy. For to-day your husband comes—doesn't he?"

A glorious flush crept over Fay's face.

"Yes, to-day! Miller said he told you. We will all be so happy—won't we?"

Happy—very quietly happy, perhaps, with a great, eternal thankfulness that she had been saved a terrible sin; but never again the Etheline of other days; never merry, joyous again.

And Miller loves the gentle, subdued girl better than ever before, and wonders what has changed her so; but he, or no one else, ever dreamed how often she goes alone to her chamber, and kneels and thanks God for His mercy, and implores his renewed forgiveness.

Love in a Maze:

OR,
THE DEBUTANTE'S DISENCHANTMENT.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "ALIDA BARRETT, THE SEWING-GIRL," "MADELINE'S MARRIAGE," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEBUTANTE AND HER CRITICS.

ELODIE was handed out of the carriage at the door of a strange hotel, and led up the stairs to the reception-room.

Before she could turn to ask a question, she found herself alone. She wrapped her cloak more closely about her, and went to the door. The corridor was filled with people passing to and fro, all strange to her. She could see nothing of her escort.

She returned to her seat, and waited, chafing with impatience, some twenty minutes. Then she rose, and passing to the bell, was about to pull it, when the door opened, and a florid-looking, elderly woman entered.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss, for keeping you waiting," she began.

"Where is Mr. ——, the gentleman who brought me here?" demanded Elodie, sternly.

"I do not know, Miss. The clerk sent for me, and I came as soon as I could. I was to show you to your room, Miss."

Elodie hesitated an instant, and then rose to follow her, dropping her veil. She was conducted up one flight of stairs, and then the housekeeper opened the door of a corner room, and lighted one of the gas burners.

It was a square room, with lofty ceiling, and elegantly furnished. The carpet was a rich pile of velvet, the windows were veiled by draperies of crimson satin damask, corresponding with the covers of chairs and sofas. On a table inlaid with mother of pearl and ebony, stood a vase full of fresh flowers, in articles written by professed critics, spoke less kindly of her musical performance. Her voice, though fresh and full of melody, was pronounced deficient in force and compass; her rendering of many passages received unfavorable criticism. Her acting was praised but faintly; it was evident she had not understood the depth of the part she had assumed; and youth was in her favor; a few years of study might do much for her, etc., etc.

Elodie's chagrin and disappointment was unfeigned. She crushed the paper in her hand, flung them on the floor with indignation, and asked what enemy had dared thus to attack her.

"Nay, my dear," replied her companion, "it is only what every debutante must expect. In the provinces you were a young queen; but here, the metropolitan critics are always severe. Success has to be won by strife with them, in which many wounds are received."

this very morning, to inquire for you, as he could not find you at the rooms where you have been staying."

"Auntie, who was it?"

"And who looked so pale and sad, and spoke so tenderly of you, and said they had all missed you so much, and seemed almost heart-broken; for his voice faltered, and the tears stood in his eyes while he was speaking."

Elodie covered her face with her hands.

"That was Wyndham!" she sobbed.

"Here is his card," said the dame, and she laid it on the stand before her guest.

"He was a real handsome man, and looked like a thoroughbred gentleman. He said his mother had grieved after you—"

"Auntie Brill!" exclaimed the girl, suddenly, dashing the tears from her eyes. "If you say the word, I will go back to my guardian, ask his pardon, and give up music altogether!"

"Give up music, and after you have made yourself famous, and can make a fortune if you go on!" cried Mrs. Brill.

"It would be hard indeed! But, oh, I was so much happier at home!"

"No, you must not draw back," decided the injudicious adviser. "You must gain a fortune, and then you may come back."

"Do you think he is unhappy on my account?"

"Oh, no! not more so than is natural at first. I should not have told you. He will soon get over it."

"And care no more about me? Is that what you mean?"

"Not at all. He will become proud of your talents, when you have established yourself; and will admire you a great deal more than when you were almost a child—bound to obey him."

"Oh, that indeed—"

"And when you have made plenty of money, and are independent of him, then he will respect you the more."

"Yes, that will be so!" cried the girl, her face kindling; "and his proud sister will be glad to have my acquaintance, when I have a name in the world, and a fortune of my own."

"True, my dear; and when you are the equal of that musical husband of hers—whom I have heard you tell about. She would have nothing to do with him till he came from Europe, and had wealth of his own earning, and was run after by all the fashionables of the city."

"And could I be ever so much sought after for my music?" asked Elodie. "How long first, do you think, auntie?"

"That depends on how hard you study. You might do it in one season."

"I wish I could! That would satisfy me. I would not care to go on. I would have a handsome house and gardens out of town, and auntie Brill should live with me, and I would give musical receptions, and have all the eminent foreign artists, and have a brilliant circle of society; and repay Mr. Blount for his goodness to me. I always meant to do that!"

Sympathetic exclamations, and warm embraces, answered the young artist's dream of a golden future. They went on building their airy castles till the shadows began to gather in the corners; and then Elodie started up, and said she must return. Mrs. Brill begged only for one song before they parted.

She led the way to the room where stood the piano belonging to the Italian. He was not in, she said; and so the girl yielded to her entreaties for one song after another, not heeding the deepening night.

A storm of applause at the end of one of the songs apprised them of the presence of the owner of the piano.

Elodie started up and hurried out of the room. But she was caught, as she passed out of the door, by her admirer, who had just understood that she was going to leave the city.

Before the girl could shake herself free, and in the presence of Mrs. Brill, the Italian had poured out his tale of love. He implored her to stay, to accept his proffered hand, to join him in his life work. The broken English in which he uttered his ardent protestations made them ludicrous enough; and it was struggling with a violent inclination to laugh that the girl silenced him by convincing him that she could give him no ground of hope.

Elodie begged at least that he might see her home, but this she refused. She would not be seen in his company. Mrs. Brill should go with her, if it was too late to go alone.

"But you shall not escape me!" persisted the rejected lover. "I will join Signor—'s troupe. I will sing with the signorina; I will subdue her hard heart; I will."

"If you join the troupe, I will leave it!" cried the indignant girl. "You will gain nothing, sir, by persecuting me!"

"Per Bacco! 'persecute,'" repeated the despairing young man. "E una Medea-cruel-empia! Ohi me!" And, striking his forehead, with his open palm, he dashed his head into the room, while the girl and the dame hastily descended the stairs.

The carriage had been dismissed, but another was presently called, and the two ladies were driven to the A— House. As they passed around a corner, the vehicle was stopped for a moment by a throng of carriages in front of a house brilliantly lighted up, with a canopy and carpet from the steps to the street. A lady was just alighting, in party dress, attended by a young gentleman. Her "cloud" had fallen back from her head, and a bright face, with sparkling black eyes and clustering raven ringlets, was in full view for a moment.

"It is Ruhama Seaforth," exclaimed Elodie, shrinking back as far as she could behind the ample form of her companion. "Who is that with her? Can it be my guardian?"

"Drive on!" called out dame Brill to the man on the box.

He could not; for the carriages blocked up his way. Ruhama's companion turned at the dame's voice, and Elodie saw that it was not Wyndham. It was a great relief to her, but she still trembled violently and leaned against Mrs. Brill's shoulder.

Then she remembered Ruhama's marriage, and departure for Europe, and noticed that the gentleman with her was not her husband.

They drove on without further interruption to the hotel. Leona had been half wild with anxiety, and welcomed her young charge with effusion.

Auntie Brill was persuaded to take supper with them—for dinner had long been over—before she took leave, and was driven to her own house.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 281.)

A CHICKEN died in Auburn, Illinois. It belonged to Mr. Ney or Mr. Lochridge, whose yards adjoined, but to which could not be determined. They quarreled about it, and tossed the carcass back and forth to each other over the intervening fence. Then Ney shot at Lochridge without hitting him. His face turned dark-red, and then whiter than before, and the arm he had raised dropped powerless by his side. Whatever the emotion which

BACHELOR VS. BENEDICT.

BY S. M. FRAZIER.

I'm still a bachelor, living alone,
Cook my own grub and wash my own clothes;
I've no friends—no foes; hopes—fears—I have
none—

Neither cares to disturb my repose.
My potatoes I roast on the ashes,
My Johnny-cake is baked on a board;
My dinner's a huge yellow gourd.

My compassions? Yes, I have still some,
Tom, cat—Bull, dog—and Paul, the monkey;
My music is drawn from an old base-drum;
And timed by the bray of the donkey.

My household furniture cannot be beat;
For a long time I've had no time to eat;
Rover's my dog, and he gives me no bother;
But donkey will eat off the cover!

Labor? Oh, yes, I've work plenty to do!
Grasshopper, ant, muskete and flea;
Reduced to a science scratching, you know,
Whate'er pretense to neutrality.

One-half o' creation lives upon 't other;
But all on are ready to pray;
T'res' my only friend, and gives me no bother;
Graybacks—no, greenbacks, rather say.

But who don't I have to associate?
Ah, off home I endeavored, forsaken;
All women have grown so softish of late,
My "other half" I fear is a myth.

For a long time I've had no time to incline,
A wife that has no sense, and me I scoff;
I've not recovered that stray rib of mine—
What other dog carried it off?

* * * * *

Advertiser? Thank you! I'll set on the hint;
And quickly I journeyed to town;
Doubtless I'll be a bachelor still when I then came
From every so-called Benedict Friend.

Writes one? Friend Jocund, you ask for a wife;
Now whose wife, dear sir, would you choose?
I have one that I could spare for a while,
But she'd wear the breeches and shoes."

Azalin? In my wife there's much to admire,
But then, sir, I've no objection—

Sir, I'll be a bachelor still when I then came
From every so-called Benedict Friend.

Another—another? All read the same;
But my eyes grow dim with my tears;
Oh, man! Oh, woman! which one is to blame
For the broils that wear out your years?

Man and wife? It long has been said, "are one;"
Which is the one 't hard to decide;
But rough family jars whenever begin—
Life's philosophy is—conscience obey!

But conscience oft bows to the will;
A benedict's life is good in its way,
But, I'll remain a bachelor still!

Victoria:

THE HEIRESS OF CASTLE CLIFFE.

BY MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING,
AUTHOR OF "THE DARK SECRET," "AWFUL
MYSTERY," "THE RIVAL BROTHERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
MAISON DE D'EUILL.

MURDERED! there could be no doubt of it—this, then, was where the bridegroom was. While they had been accusing him in their thoughts and vowing future vengeance, he had been lying here, assassinated by some unknown hand. The faces of all had whitened with horror at the sight; but Colonel Shirley, whose stern calmness nothing seemed able to move, lifted his head an instant after, with a face that looked as if changed to stone.

"A horrible murder has been done here! My boy" turning to Joe, whose teeth were chattering in his head, "how and when did you discover this?"

"It were just now, sir," replied Joe, keeping far from the body, and looking at it in intense terror. "My lord and Mr. Channing, they sent me up to the castle a-looking for you, sir, and you wasn't there; and I was a-comin' back to tell them, so I was, down this way, which it's a short cut to Lower Cliffe; and as I got here, I saw a man standin' up and looking down on this here, which it were Mr. Tom Shirley, as I knowned the minute I seen him. Then, sir, he turned round, and when he saw me, he ran away; and then I saw him lyin' there, all over blood; and I got frightened and ran away, too; and then I met you; and that's everything I know about it."

"Can Tom Shirley be the murderer?" asked the bishop, in a low, deep voice.

"Circumstances, at least, are strong enough against him to warrant his arrest," said Mr. Channing. "As a magistrate, I feel it my duty to go in search of him before he escapes."

He hurried away, as he spoke; and the colonel, taking off his large military cloak, spread it on the ground.

"Help me to place the body on this," he said, quietly; and, with the assistance of Mr. Sweet, the still bleeding form was laid upon it, and covered from the mocking sunlight in its folds. Then, at another motion from the colonel, the apothecary and the lawyer lifted by the lower ends, while he himself took the head, and they slowly turned with their dreadful burden toward the house. Joe followed at a respectful distance, still with an execrably scared and horrified visage.

Mr. Channing had, meantime, been making his motives known. Not one present—the colonel, perhaps, alone excepted—but knew how madly he had been in love with his cousin, and that his furious jealousy of the accepted lover had driven him from home. All knew his violent temper, too; his fierce outbursts of passion; and believing him guilty, not one of them needed to be told the cause of his prowlings about in the grounds in secret last night. Dead silence followed, broken by a rap at the door. Hurst opened it, and the gamekeeper entered, carrying in his hand a great bludgeon, all stained with blood and thickly-matted tufts of hair.

"Gentlemen," said the man, coming forward and bowing, "this here is what did the deed! I found it lyin' among the marsh grass, where it had been chuck'd. You can see the blood and the hairs stickin' in it. I know the stick very well. I have seen it lyin' down there near the Nun's Grave fifty times."

The gentlemen examined the stick—a murderous-looking bludgeon, with a thick head, full of great knobs and knots—capable, in a strong hand, of felling an ox.

"And, gentlemen," continued the gamekeeper, "I have something else to say. Last evening, about half-past eight, as I was standing down near the park gates, I saw Mr. Leicester come through, walking very fast. I thought, of course, he was going up to the castle, and had come through Lower Cliffe with a short cut."

"Was he alone?" asked Mr. Channing.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you see any one following him?"

"I didn't wait to see, sir. Me and some more went up to see the fireworks, and then came down there near the Nun's Grave fifty times."

"I think the facts are quite strong enough to warrant his commitment," said Mr. Channing to the colonel.

"I think so!" was the cold reply.

And the warrant of commitment was made out immediately. Then there was a general uprising; a carriage was ordered, and Mr. Channing approached Tom.

Tom stood perfectly still—stunned. A volley of fierce words, that had been rising hotly to his lips, seemed to freeze there. His face turned dark-red, and then whiter than before, and the arm he had raised dropped powerless by his side. Whatever the emotion which

prompted the display, the magistrate set it down to one cause, guilt; and again laid his hand firmly on the young man's shoulder.

"I regret it, Tom, but it must be done. I beg you will not offer any resistance, but will come with me peacefully to the house. Ah! there they go with the body now!"

Tom compressed his lips and lifted up his head.

"I will go with you, Mr. Channing. It matters very little what becomes of me one way or the other!"

He raised his hat from the ground, to which it had fallen; and they walked on together, side by side. The body was borne before them into the morning-room, and through that into a smaller one, used by Vivian as a studio. It was strewn with easels, blank canvas, busts, and lay figures; and on a low couch therein their burden was laid. The cloak was removed. The colonel sent one of the servants in search of the physician, who had remained all night in the house, sternly warning the rest not to let a word of the event reach the ears of Lady Agnes or the young ladies. Hurst brought in warm water and sponge, and the blood was washed off the dead face. It was perfectly calm—there was no distortion to mar its almost womanly beauty, or to show that he had suffered in the last struggle. The blue eyes were wide open in the cold glaze of death; and the bishop, bending down, had just closed them reverently, as the physician came in. The examination that followed was brief. The blow had evidently been given by a thick club, and he had been struck but once—death following almost instantaneously. The deed, too, from the appearance of the wound, must have been committed some hours previously; for the blood on his clothes was thickly clotted and dry. In silence they left the studio, and gathered together in the morning-room. The colonel had warned the servants to keep quiet; but who ever knew warnings to avail in such cases? Half a dozen gentlemen, the guests who had remained in the house the previous night, had been told, and were there already. The magistrate had taken a seat of authority, and prepared to hold a sort of inquest and investigate the matter. The prisoner stood near a window, drawn up to his full height, with folded arms, looking particularly proud, and especially scornful, guarded by Messrs. Sweet and Jones. The colonel took a seat, and motioned the rest to follow his example; and Mr. Channing desired Hurst, keeping sentry at the door, to call in Joe.

Joe, standing in the hall, telling his story over and over again to a curious crowd of servants, came in, looking scared as ever, and told his tale once more, keeping to the same facts steadily, in spite of any amount of cross-questioning. When this first witness was dismissed, the bishop turned to the prisoner.

"Tom, what have you to say to all this?"

"Nothing, my lord."

"Is what this boy says true? Did he really discover you by the body?"

"He did."

"And why, if you are not guilty, should you fly at his approach?"

"I did nothing of the sort. Joe makes a mistake there; for I never saw him at all."

"And how do you account for your presence there?"

"Very simply, my lord. I chanced to be walking through the grounds, and came to that particular spot by mere accident."

"How long had you been there when Joe discovered you?"

"I did not remain five minutes altogether. I saw and recognized who it was; and when I recovered from the first shock of horror, I turned and fled to give the alarm."

Mr. Channing leaned over and spoke in a low voice to Colonel Shirley.

"Some one told me, when here last evening, that the prisoner has been absent for several days—is it true?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Shirley," said the magistrate, speaking aloud, "you have been absent for the past week—will you inform us where?"

"I have been absent," said Tom, coldly. "I have been in Cliftonlea."

"Where?"

"At the Cliffs Arms."

"Why were you not at home?"

"I decline answering that question, sir."

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one; but the woman only looked at him vacantly.

"She sent her away," she repeated, "and kept the gentleman's child—the tall gentleman that was so handsome, and gave me the money. But she sent away my little Barbara; my only child, my only child! Oh, won't somebody go and bring her back?"

The colonel bent over her, took her other hand, and looked steadfastly into the dull eyes.

"Mrs. Wildman, do you not know me? I am the gentleman who left the child."

She looked at him silently; but her gaze was listless and without meaning.

"Your little Barbara has grown up—is a young lady, beautiful and accomplished—do you understand?"

No; she did not. She only turned away her eyes, with a little weary sigh, very sad to hear, and murmured over again:

"Oh, I wish somebody would bring her back! She was my only child, my only child!"

"It's all no use!" interposed the doctor.

"No earthly power will ever get her beyond that. Here is a case quite harmless and quite hopeless."

Colonel Shirley arose, and pressed something he took out of his waistcoat pocket into the doctor's hand.

"Be good to her, doctor. Poor creature!"

"Thank you, colonel," said the doctor, glancing with infinite complacency at the bank-note for fifty pounds. "She shall have the best of care. Perhaps you would like to go over the whole establishment?"

"Not to-day, I think. We must catch the two o'clock train back to London."

The doctor led the way down-stairs, and bowed them obsequiously out.

Only one sentence was spoken as they drove rapidly down to the depot.

"Poor thing! she is greatly changed, but looks like Miss—Vivian." Mr. Sweet had said, and had received a look in answer that effectively silenced him for the rest of the way.

Next day, when the early afternoon train from London came steaming into Cliftonlea, Colonel Shirley and Mr. Sweet had got out and walked up the town. The latter gentleman speedily turned off in the direction of his own house, and the colonel walked, with a grave face, up High street, turning neither to the right nor the left, until he stood knocking at the principal entrance of the town-jail. The turnkey who opened it, opened his eyes, too; for, during the two months his young relative had been a lodger there, the colonel had not come once to visit him.

All Cliftonlea was in a state of ferment; for the assizes were on, and Tom Shirley's trial would begin to-morrow; and seeing his visit down to this cause, the turnkey admitted him.

There was no difficulty in obtaining the desired interview, and in a few minutes a ponderous key was turning in a ponderous lock, a strong door swung open, the colonel was in the prison-cell, listening to the re-locking of the door without, and retreating steps of the jailer.

The cell was as dismal as could be desired, and as empty of furniture, holding but a bed, a chair, and a table; but the August sunshine came just as brightly through the little grained square of light as it did through the plate-glass of Castle Cliffe, and lay broad, and bright, and warm on the stone floor.

The prisoner sat beside the table, reading a little book bound in gold and purple velvet, that looked odd enough in the dreary cell. It was a gift, prized hitherto for the sake of the giver—a little French Testament, with "To cousin Tom, with Vivian's love," written in a delicate Italian hand on the fly-leaf; but of late Tom had learned to prize it for a sake far higher.

He rose at sight of his visitor, looking very thin, very pale, very quiet, and both stood gazing at each other for a few seconds in silence.

"Is it really Colonel Shirley?" said Tom, at last, with just a shade of sarcasm in his voice. "This is indeed an unexpected honor."

"You do not need to ask, Tom, why I have never been here before," said the colonel, whose face, always pale, had grown even a shade paler.

"Scarcely. Do me the honor to be seated, and let me know to what I am indebted for this visit."

He presented his chair with formal politeness as he spoke; but his visitor only availed himself of it to lean one hand lightly on its back and the other on the young man's shoulder.

"Tom," he said, looking earnestly and searchingly at him, "I have come here to ask you one question, and I want you to answer it truthfully before God! Are you innocent?"

"It is late to ask that question," said Tom, drowsily.

"Answer it, Tom!"

"Excuse me, sir. The very question is an insult."

"Tom, for Heaven's sake, do not stand balancing hairs with me! You always were the soul of honor and straightforwardness, and, late as it is, if you will only tell me in the face of Heaven, you are innocent, I will believe you!"

Tom's honest black eyes, that never quailed before mortal man, rose boldly and truthfully to the speaker's face.

"Before Heaven," he said, solemnly raising his arm and dropping it on the purple book, "as I shall have to answer to God, I am innocent!"

"Enough!" said the colonel, taking his hand in a firm grasp. "I believe you, with all my heart! My dear boy, forgive me for ever thinking you guilty for a moment!"

"Don't ask it! How could you help thinking me guilty, in the face of all this circumstantial evidence? But sit down, and let me look at you. It is good to see a friend's face again. You have been getting thin and pale, colonel!"

"I am afraid I must return the compliment. I see only the shadow of the ruddy, boisterous Tom Shirley of old."

Tom smiled, and pushed back in a careless way his luxuriant black curls.

"Nothing very odd in that, sir. Solitude and prison-fare are not the best things I ever heard of for putting a man in good condition. How goes the world outside?"

"Much as usual. Have you no visitors, then?"

"None to speak of. A few mere acquaintances came out of curiosity, but I declined to see them; and as my friends"—said Tom, with another smile that had very much of sadness in it—"thought me guilty, and held aloof, I have been left pretty much to my own devices."

"Your trial comes on to-morrow?"

"It does."

"You have engaged counsel, of course?"

"Yes; one of the best advocates in England. But his anticipations, I am afraid, are not over brilliant."

"The evidence is very strong, certainly, although merely circumstantial, but—"

"But better men than I have been condemned—

ed on circumstantial evidence. I know it," said Tom, very quietly.

"What do you anticipate yourself?"

"Unless Providence should interpose and send the real murderer forward to make a clean breast of it, I anticipate a very speedy termination of my mortal cares."

"And you can speak of it like this? You are indeed changed, Tom."

"Colonel," said Tom, gravely, "when a man sits within four stone walls, like this, for two months, with a prospect of death before him, he must be something more than human not to change. I have had at least one constant visitor, his lordship the bishop; and though I am perfectly certain he believes me guilty, he has done me good; and this small book has helped the work. Had I anything to bind me very strongly to life, it would be different; but there is nothing much in the outer world I care for; and so, let the result be what it may, I think I shall meet it quietly. If one had a choice in so delicate a matter"—with another smile—"I might, perhaps, prefer a different mode of leaving this world; but what can be cured—know the proverb. Don't let us talk of it. How is Lady Agnes?"

"Well in body, but ill in mind. She is shut up in her room, and I never see her."

"And Margaret?"

"Margaret followed her example. Sir Roland is laid up again with the gout at Cliftonwood."

"Castle Cliffe must be a dreary place. I wonder you can stay there."

"I shall be there but a short time now. My old regimen is doing some hard fighting before Sebastopol; and as soon as your trial is over, I shall rejoin them."

Tom's eyes lighted, his face flushed hotly, and then turned to its former pale and sickly color.

"Oh that I—" he began, and then stopped short; but he was understood.

"I wish to Heaven it were possible, Tom but whatever happens, we must content ourselves with the cry of the strong old crusaders, 'God wills it!' You must learn, as we all have to, the great lesson of life—endurance."

Poor Tom had begun the lesson, but his face showed that he had found the rudiments very bitter.

The colonel paused for a moment; and then looking at the floor, went on, in a more subdued tone:

"Somebody else is learning it, too, in the solitude of a French convent—Vivian."

Tom gave a little start at the unexpected sound of that name, and the flush came back to his face.

"My trunk is at the door. I need not go away at all, if madam wishes me to remain."

"I do wish it. How fortunate that you brought your luggage! I'm accustomed to the services of a maid, and feel quite lost without one. Now you can begin your duties at once. It will seem like old times again, not to be compelled to wait on myself," and she laughed gleefully. "We'll get on famously together, Miss Merton. Now pull that bell-rope, please, and the housekeeper shall show you to the room Celeste occupied. It is next mine, so you will always be within call when I want you."

Half an hour later, Miss Elsie Merton, with a coquettish lace scarf, that looked a world too nice for a lady's maid, tied over her head, tripped out of the glass door opening on the terrace, evidently bent on taking a little promenade in the spacious grounds.

She had scarcely traversed one walk, and turned into another, however, when she stumbled upon a tiny summerhouse overrun with vines. Almost the instant she caught sight of the miniature Paradise, she stood stock still, and uttered a loud exclamation.

Not at the sylvan beauty of the place; oh, no! Elsie's pretty blue eyes would have dilated as they dilated now, if the most beautiful landscape that ever yet came fresh and glowing from the hand of the Great Artist had been suddenly spread before them!

"Very. Has she taken the veil?"

"Not yet. No thanks to her, though. It was her wish; but the superior, knowing it was merely the natural revulsion of feeling, and that she had no real vocation, would not permit it. Then Vivian wished to go out as a governess—think of that—but Mother Ursula would not hear of that, either. She is to make the convent her home for a year, and if, at the end of that time, she still desires it, she will be permitted to enter upon her novitiate. I will go to Paris, and see her again before I depart for the Crimea."

"Does she know—"

"Not yet. No thanks to her, though. It was her wish; but the superior, knowing it was merely the natural revulsion of feeling, and that she had no real vocation, would not permit it. Then Vivian wished to go out as a governess—think of that—but Mother Ursula would not hear of that, either. She is to make the convent her home for a year, and if, at the end of that time, she still desires it, she will be permitted to enter upon her novitiate. I will go to Paris, and see her again before I depart for the Crimea."

"She knows all. She gave me this for you."

The colonel produced his pocket-book, and took from between the leaves a little twisted note.

"Tom opened it, and read:

"My BROTHER—Know you are innocent. I love you and pray for you every night and day. God keep you always!"

That was all.

Tom dropped his face on the table without a word.

Colonel Shirley looked at him an instant, then arose.

"I shall leave you now. Remember, I have firm faith in your innocence from henceforth. Keep up a good heart, and until to-morrow,

farewell!"

He pressed his hand.

But Tom neither spoke nor looked up; and the colonel went out and left him with his head lying on the wooden table, and the tiny note still crushed in his hand.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 269.)

Mrs. Estabrook's Maid.

BY BETTY WINWOOD.

WHAT are your references?"

"I have none," was the timid answer. "I was never out at service before, madam."

"What have you done, all your life, until now?"

"A flush went over the pure, sweet face.

"It is only a little while since I was compelled to earn my living."

Mrs. Estabrook gathered her brows. It was the most unheard-of piece of presumption for a pretty girl to apply for a position of trust without a single voucher for her respectability. But somehow she could not find it in her heart to distrust the demure little creature.

"What is your name?" she asked, after a pause.

"Elsie Merton."

The sweet voice faltered a little, as if unaccustomed to the sounds it uttered. In spite of her pre-occupation Mrs. Estabrook noticed the hesitation.

"I'm very particular in regard to the maid I employ," she said, giving Miss Merton a keen glance. "I would like a trial of your skill, if you please, before we proceed further with this interview. Do you arrange hair nicely?"

"Yes, madam."

"You shall try your skill at mine."

Mrs. Estabrook's hands made two or three rapid passes over her shapely head—they seemed like nothing more—and a torrent of blue-black hair rolled down over her shoulders like a storm-cloud.

On a silken divan at Mrs. Estabrook's elbow sat Miss Van Kortland. She was devoring French bon-bons with her teeth, while her keen, speculative eyes devoured Miss Merton. She did not look particularly amiable, for the advent of a pretty face at the Grange was not a matter for self-congratulation; and Miss Merton had a complexion like wax, the reddest lips and the loveliest eyes Miss Van Kortland had seen for many a day.

"A reduced gentlewoman," she muttered sotto voce. "I don't like the tribe. You had better dismiss her without further parley, and let me know when she is gone."

But Mrs. Estabrook had no such intention.

"The evidence is very strong, certainly, although merely circumstantial, but—"

"But better men than I have been condemned—

"Hush!" she whispered, with a warning gesture, and leaned back in her chair rather listlessly as the would-be maid approached and began her manipulations.

Ten minutes of suspense, and then a cry of rapture broke from Mrs. Estabrook's lips. Swiftly and deftly those pretty, slender hands had crept in and out her scented tresses, and the result was such a marvel of classic beauty and grace as Celeste, the Parisian maid, who had taken "French leave" only two days before, had never equalled in her palmiest days.

"You're a jewel, Miss Merton!" she exclaimed, enraptured. "I'll take you on trial, at any rate. I'm quite sure you will suit me."

"But her references?" whispered Miss Van Kortland, frowning a little.

"Bah! If she pleases me, that is quite enough."

"But it is very imprudent to admit a person of whom you know so little into the family."

Mrs. Estabrook shrugged her shoulders.

"I would trust anybody with a face like that."

"I wouldn't."

Suppressed as were the tones in which these "asides" were uttered, Miss Merton must have been enabled to gather their import, for a faint tinge of color flowed over her oval cheeks.

"Madam," she said, with dignity, "I agree to accept my discharge at a moment's warning, whenever you are pleased to dispense with my services."

"That's fair, at any rate," and Mrs. Estabrook's eyes flashed a glance of triumph at Miss Van Kortland. "When can you come for good?"

"Without waiting to learn the effect of her words, she passed on.

Later in the day, happening to enter the conservatory for a bouquet, she had scarcely begun clipping at the flowers, ferns and vines that effectively screened her, when the sound of every twenty-four hours, but always in the grounds. Paul was far too shrewd to parade his interest in the new-comer publicly; and Mrs. Estabrook was not aware, for a long time, that he had formed her pretty maid's acquaintance.

Miss Van Kortland was more observing, however. But there had long been an understanding that she and Paul were to unite their hands and fortunes. She was a very proud woman, and the fact of this tacit engagement kept her silent. Not for all the kingdoms of the world would she have exposed her recreant lover. These proud, reticent women can endure untold tortures and make no sign. I'm sure Miss Van

SOME TRUTHS.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

How many men who wield a pen
Live on without a pension?
Of such there are a million men
Whose names receive no mention.

A house where one would gladly stay
Could hardly be a stable;
And one would scarcely wish to lay
His head upon a label.

There are some hills which are as steep
As any city steeple,
But, why should all who at them peep
Be designated people?

A boy who strives his best to con
Shows he is a condor,
And of a merit he has won
It would not be a wonder.

I'm sure to walk the ocean sands
You'd have to wear some sandals,
But, don't your neighbor's follies scan,
To raise prolific scandals.

A truant youth may run and hide
To save some awful hidings,
But none need question of the tide
For any wished-for tidings.

A dress may never be much worse,
But then it may be worsted.
A stalk is quite full of burns
Not is considered bursted.

A man who daily seeks the bar
Is often a drunkard.
His shapes are always very sour—
We've found it to our sorrow!

Nothing but very common paste
We've often found our pasty;
No proud heart beating 'neath a vest
Belongs unto our vestry.

The dust that lies upon the floor
Is very far from floral;
Songs warbled by a tuneful corps
Of course are very choral.

Not every man who's had a trance
Has seen the Venus transit;
A man whose heart is set on lands
Cannot be called a poet.

A man who wildly wields a pick
Has off got a pickle;
And many an urchin has got sick
When called to use the sickle.

LEAVES
From an Actor's Life;
OR,
Recollections of Plays and Players.

BY GEO. L. AIKEN.

XI.—The Old and New Nationals—Speaker, the Comedian—Old Spudge and Old Piff—I am Interviewed by Manager Pelby—A Hasty Exit—William Pelby, Junior—Fleming and Dan Satchell—the Comedian's Joke—Bill Parker, the Tall Captain of Supernumeraries—A Blow in the Dark—Five Dollars Reward.

WHEN I became familiar with the theater under the management of William Pelby, it was no longer known as the Warren, but was called the National. This name has been applied at different times to different theaters in almost every city of the Union.

Mr. Pelby was an American by birth, but had achieved, I do not know under what circumstances, quite a reputation in England as an actor, and had been presented there with a gold medal as a token of admiration for his performance of the character of Hamlet, in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name.

Mr. Pelby was very proud of alluding to this circumstance, and always finished her little story with:

"Mr. Pelby was born in this country, and so was I. I don't wish to say anything against my own land, but they never did anything of that sort for him here."

The citizens of Boston took Mr. Pelby very kindly in hand, however. The Tremont Theater was built for him, but some difficulty with the stockholders caused him to withdraw from its management, and a Mr. Warren built the theater for him that was first called after him, then changed to National, and Pelby controlled the destinies of this time-honored institution up to the day of his death.

It was prosperous while he lived, but it passed through many fluctuations of fortune after his death, being controlled by speculative managers until one morning, I being then a member of its dramatic company, as I was eating my breakfast, a friend rushed into the house and told me the theater was burnt.

I left my breakfast unfinished, and went to take a sorrowful look at the ruins. Not a wall was left standing; all was black desolation, and all my stage wardrobe had been destroyed by the flames.

The theater was rebuilt, but the prestige of its name and fame had departed. New National never supplied the place of the Old.

A Mr. Leonard, an auctioneer, lost a fortune in trying to make a first-class theater of it; the locality was strongly opposed to this. W. J. Fleming laid his withering managerial hand upon it, and W. B. English turned it into a Varieties Theater, and then it burned down again.

It was never rebuilt as a theater.

Speaking of W. J. Fleming, reminds me of a funny observation made by that excellent comedian, Dan Satchell, concerning him. Poor Dan he saluted from some port in Australia homeward bound, and the vessel was never heard of afterward. He was a genial gentleman, and a most excellent actor; equal, in my opinion, to Mr. E. Burton, whom he greatly resembled in figure and style of acting.

Mr. Fleming may have had good intentions in his managerial experiments, but they were invariably attended with bad luck. The poor actors who engaged with him were sure to have their salaries reduced one-third in a short time. This was called playing for "two-thirds salary" and they were lucky to get that, for it often happened that when salary day arrived, the treasury was empty.

During the war, Fleming, by the influence of friends, got an appointment as paymaster in the army—a most singular appointment for a man who was never known to pay anything, if he could help it.

One day somebody asked Dan Satchell where Fleming was and what he was doing, and the comedian replied:

"He's doing well. He's got the Army of the Cumberland on *two-thirds*."

I have but one remembrance of Manager Pelby. I had outgrown my usefulness as a child-actor, and was no longer in requisition, but I often got behind the scenes on various pretexts, to witness the performances. On one occasion I carried a chair to Mrs. J. B. Booth Jr.'s, dressing-room, and instead of retiring, as it was expected I would do, I hid myself among the scenery at the back of the stage until the play began, and then I took my position in one of the wings to witness it.

I have a vivid remembrance of the name of the play on this occasion. It was called "Maurice the Woodcutter," an old-time melodrama. Spear, the low comedian of the theater, "Old Spudge," was he called; I never discovered why, though I knew him intimately years after—and Pelby, for a similar myster-

ious reason was called "Old Piff," was perched upon the top of a hoghead hanging a multitude of supernumerary peasants upon some grievance committed by their "Tyrant Lord," when the top of the hoghead breaks and lets him through. That is all I remember of the piece then, and I have not the slightest recollection of what it is about now, for my merriment at the ludicrous disappearance of "Old Spudge" was brought to a sudden close by a gruff voice demanding:

"What in thunder are you doing here?"

The voice did not say "thunder," but that will look better in print than the other word.

I turned, and, oh, horror! there stood "Old Piff." In trembling accents I explained the circumstance that had brought me there.

"Get out—sudden!" was the harsh rejoinder.

I did. I stood "not upon the order of my going," but went "at once," in momentary expectation of being aided in my descent of the stairs that led from the stage to the door opening upon the street by the toe of a boot.

I was terribly frightened by this encounter with "Old Piff," and never ventured behind the scenes again during his time.

Years before I had been "Cora's Child" in Pizarro—his son, also named William, appearing as Rolla. As the Junior William never made a second appearance to my knowledge, and as I never met him in after years as an actor, I am inclined to think he did not inherit his father's talent.

Wm. Pelby, Senior, was, undoubtedly, a good actor, and a good manager—which does not always follow. He was a strict disciplinarian, and of rather an irascible temper. He offended a tall young actor, who was known as Bill Parker, and became a "Negro Minstrel" when that kind of entertainment was first introduced to the public, and used to sing "Jeannette and Jeannot" in a high falsetto.

Parker held the important post of "Captain of Supernumeraries" and this led to a misunderstanding with the manager, and Pelby indulged in some strong language, but Parker was too sensible to "talk back."

But that night, between the acts, as Mr. Pelby was descending the dark stairs that led beneath the stage, he ran his face against somebody's fist in a most extraordinary manner. He hurried to his dressing-room, in a towering passion. Two minutes afterward he was on the stage, holding a wet piece of brown paper—"in the alarm of fear caught up"—over his left eye, and wildly proclaiming:

"Where is he—where is the scoundrel that struck me? Five dollars reward to any one who can tell! Five dollars! Five dollars for the scoundrel!"

This tempting reward, however, did not produce the "scoundrel." He was never discovered. "Who struck Old Piff?" became almost as much of a question as "Who struck Billy Patterson?"

I have always thought it was Bill Parker; and I am inclined to think that Mr. Pelby was of the same opinion; but he couldn't prove it, and there the matter rested.

Working Her Way.

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

"HELEN, I think I have found something at last," said Lucille Stanhope, looking up from the morning paper, and addressing her sister, who sat by the fire getting her baby to sleep.

"Well, what is it?" asked Helen Tremaine.

Lucille answered her question by asking another.

"Do you remember Mrs. Stacy's establishment, where we once stopped with papa when we were on a visit here?"

"Do you mean that elegant place in Blank Street?"

"Yes."

"I remember it very well. Papa preferred it to a hotel, because it was so nice and quiet, and we had lovely rooms. Ah, me! we didn't think then we would ever live here in New York." And Helen sighed.

Lucille echoed the sigh. For their dead father had been very dear to these girls, and their Philadelphia homes—for Harry and Helen had lived next door to the Stanhope house—were the abodes of luxury and happiness.

Mr. Stanhope's fortune, and the smaller one of his son-in-law, were swept away at one blow. Mr. Stanhope died, and Harry Tremaine, after arranging affairs the best they could, sought earnestly for work. In Philadelphia he could not find it. So when a situation as book-keeper in a large establishment in New York was offered him, he took it gladly, and removed, with his wife and her sister, to that city.

But Harry's salary, though large enough to maintain his own family in comfort, could but feed every additional burden; and Lucille's independent spirit could not bear to be dependent.

She felt sure that she could support herself some way, and she was determined to do so. In vain Harry and Helen, with warm generosity, begged and entreated her to be content to share their home. Lucille would not be moved; so, at length they yielded, and if not consenting, at least forbore longer to urge her against her will.

But in vain Lucille answered every advertisement of places she thought she could fill. Every position was full already; none were open to her. Weary and disheartened, she went through her usual task of looking over the "Wanted" list in the morning paper. And for full fifteen minutes she had thought deeply.

"Well, what have you found, and what has Mrs. Stacy's place got to do with it?" asked Helen, after a moment's pause.

"This. Mrs. Stacy advertises here for a dining-room girl, and I'm going to apply for the situation."

Helen gave her baby a jerk which woke it at once. "Why, Lucille Stanhope, are you gone daft?" she cried.

"Not in the least," answered Lucille, coolly.

"Well, I should think you were! A pretty position for you."

"I don't see why it wouldn't be just as 'respectable' to hand people dishes in Mrs. Stacy's dining-room, as to hand them goods across somebody's counter. Besides, Helen, what can I do? I never cared to learn music—therefore I can't teach it. And I wouldn't be a school-teacher, because I should hate that. I can't get a place in a store, or anywhere. What can I do?"

"Couldn't you stay with us and do fancy work for the stores?" suggested Helen.

"Perhaps. And be poorly paid for working my eyes blind and my face white, and myself thin as a ghost sitting so steady. Now, if I can get this place, the work will be light, and with plenty of exercise on my feet, and then I shall have my board and lodgings besides. I'm going there at once, and I hope I'll get the place."

"I have a vivid remembrance of the name of the play on this occasion. It was called "Maurice the Woodcutter," an old-time melodrama. Spear, the low comedian of the theater, "Old Spudge," was he called; I never discovered why, though I knew him intimately years after—and Pelby, for a similar myster-

"I hope you won't. I wish Harry was at home," said Helen, ready to cry, and knowing the impossibility of doing anything with Lucille by herself.

Lucille speedily attire herself, and sought the number given in the advertisement. She recognized the place at once, and having been admitted to the presence of the lady of the mansion, frankly and truthfully told her

"Old Spudge" was brought to a sudden close by a gruff voice demanding:

"What in thunder are you doing here?"

The voice did not say "thunder," but that will look better in print than the other word.

I turned, and, oh, horror! there stood "Old Piff."

In trembling accents I explained the circumstance that had brought me there.

"Get out—sudden!" was the harsh rejoinder.

Now, Mrs. Stacy had not kept one of the most elegant private boarding houses in New York for ten years, without being, by this time, a pretty thorough reader of human nature. She at once decided that Lucille Stanhope was what she pretended to be, and admitted to the presence of the lady of the

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